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The BYSTANDER

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The BYSTANDER

Walter Bird

BEATRIX LEHMANN

This clever and interesting actress has her first West End leading part in J. B. Priestley's new play, "Eden End," which opened at the Duchess Theatre last week. She plays the part of the actress wife of a North Country doctor (Edward Irwin), with Ralph Richardson as her husband. Beatrix Lehmann made her stage début at the Lyric, Hammersmith, in 1924. One of her most brilliant bits of acting was as Blazes in Robert Nicoll's play "Twenty Below," which was given at the Gate Theatre in 1928 and 1929. She is a sister of Rosalind Lehmann, the novelist, whose best-known book was "Dusty Answer"

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 68.

T.O.M. Sopwith

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

TOM SOPWITH is a very good instance of heredity. As his second name (Octave) indicates, he is the eighth child. Moreover, the seven elder children were all girls. The same quiet persistence on the part of his parents which led to his arrival in the world has also been responsible for his success in after-life. His father was an engineer and so he had a natural talent for mechanics, with the result that he won Baron de Forest's £4000 prize for the longest British flight in 1910—from Eastchurch to Beaumont, in Belgium—within a few days of qualifying for his pilot's certificate. Unlike other young men who acquire a comparatively large sum of money at an early age, he made this money the corner-stone of his fortune. With it he went to America and gave exhibition flights, barnstorming his way all over the country and thus adding further to his capital. He had already founded a successful motor business and invented the first water-plane. Next he built the first English aeroplane to win the Schneider Trophy. Then came the war, and all "Camel" and "Snipe" pursuit 'planes associated with his name.

To-day the firm of which he is the managing director makes eight different kinds of machines for air fighting services, and his income is in the neighbourhood of £200,000 a year. Tall and slim and clean-shaven, with greyish hair and a love of long cigars, Tom Sopwith has a good forehead, level eyes, and a way of speaking very deliberately. He dresses well, takes a lot of trouble with his shirts, really dislikes restaurants, enjoys contract (providing that it is sufficiently light-hearted), seldom reaches his office before ten, often leaves it before four, but always does a full day's work. For he is one of those rare fish—a man who has learnt how to delegate authority. He shoots and fishes with pronounced success, plays a tolerable game of golf, and has now become a very fine amateur helmsman, although he has only taken up the sport in the last seven years, in the last three of which he has won one hundred and nine prizes. Since 1927 he has owned Mouette, Vita, Shamrock V., Argosy, and now Endeavour, being the first person to carry the Royal Yacht Squadron's challenge since the late Lord Dunraven. For Sir Thomas Lipton's efforts were entirely a one-man show, and, as he was not a member, could not carry the Squadron's official blessing. Tom Sopwith's other exploits include dropping a parcel on the Olympic's deck from above in 1911; landing in a fog at Windsor Castle on a visit to the King; getting married twice; financing Hawker's trans-Atlantic flight in 1919; and selling his house in Green Street to the Princess Royal for twenty-three thousand pounds.

"Our Girls"

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Golf Championship at Stoke Poges

Right: Miss Nancy Jupp, the youngest entrant, who won her first two matches, drives off watched by sister Rhoda. An account of the first day's play appears no page 538

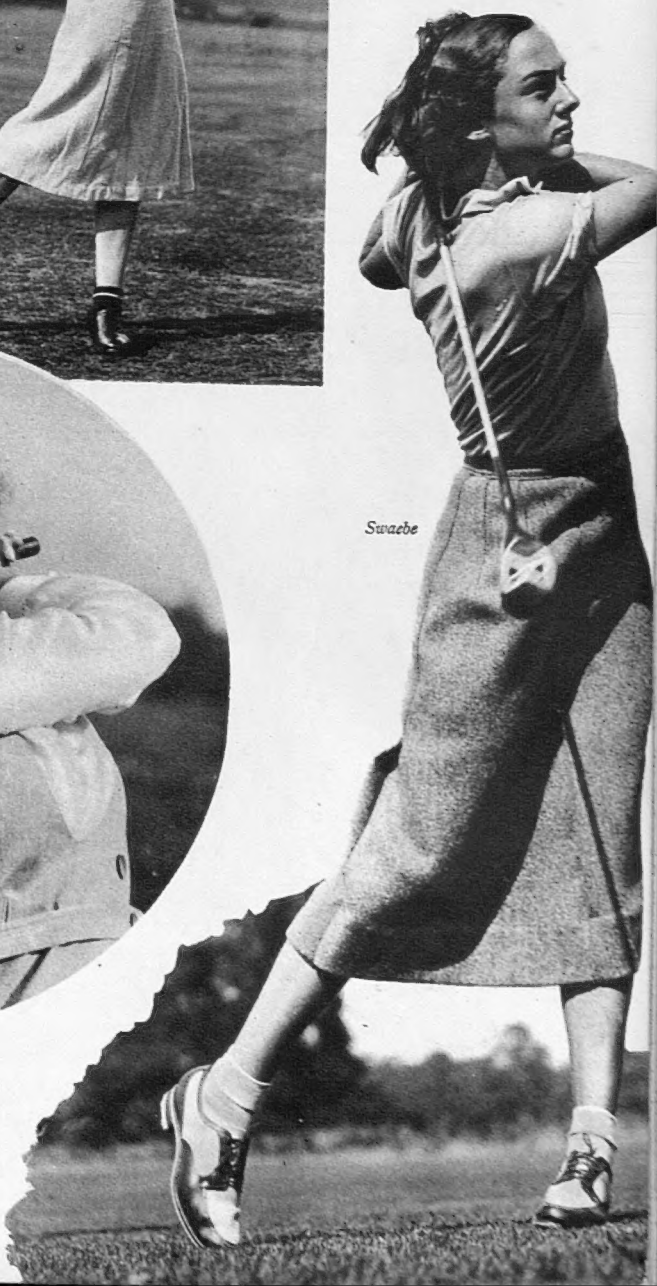
Below, left: Miss Joan Montford, and below, right: Miss Margaret Urie

A South African Championship Semi-Finalist

Miss Betty Frost, a noted player from Port Elizabeth, South Africa, beaten in the first round and Miss Jean Hayes

Swaebe

Sisters in Action



Swaebe

Left: Miss Sonia Swinburne Johnson, a sister of the well-known actress, Nora Swinburne; above: Miss Laurien Beesley; and right: Miss Peggy Falkner

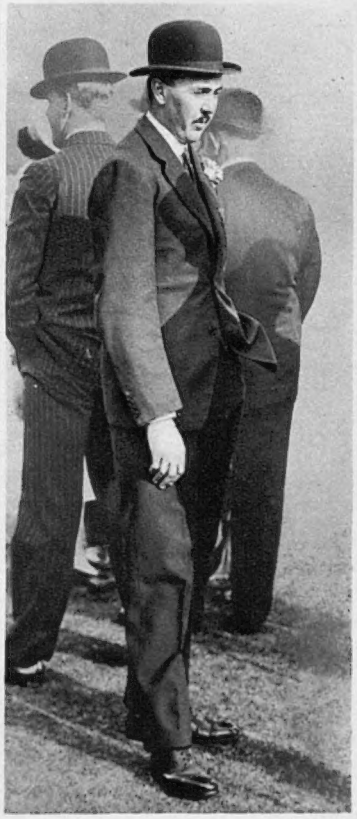
The Duke of Roxburghe Comes of Age

Twenty-First Birthday Celebrations at Floors Castle

Right : Lady Elizabeth Percy, Miss Lambton, and Lady Diana Percy all came from across the Border for the garden-party at Floors

Mrs. Raymond Butler talking to Lady Jane Scrope at the garden-party which opened the four-days' celebrations

Viscount Brackley, the Earl of Ellesmere's only son, Miss Diana Lambton, and Lady Mary Egerton, Lord Brackley's sister



The Duke of Roxburghe was born on September 7, 1913, and succeeded in 1932 ; he is in the Blues

Mrs. Sharp, the Countess of Minto, and the Countess of Haddington. Lady Haddington and Lady Minto are sisters

The Earl of Ellesmere, whose place, Mertoun, is only a few miles from Floors

The Earl of Minto, whose place is Minto House, Hawick, walking round at the garden-party with Mrs. Hambro

Mr. Arthur Collins, Arthur Duff, who were and Lady Bridget

The Floors Castle House-Party

Front row: Mr. Cuthbertson, Lady Evelyn Collins, the Duke's aunt, Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, his uncle, the Duchess of Roxburghe, the Duke of Roxburghe, Lady Alastair Innes-Ker, Colonel W. F. Collins, Miss Jean Innes-Ker. The back row includes Mr. Trotter, Lady Elizabeth Paget, Mr. Arthur Collins, the Hon. Lavinia Strutt, Mr. Murray Smith, Miss Ruth Primrose, Mr. David Innes-Ker, Major Arthur Duff, and Lady Ursula Manners

Left: Mrs. Elliott, Mr. Bertram Talbot, and Viscount Cobham were three more of the guests

Right: the Hon. Mrs. Scott-Plummer, Lord Kinross's eldest daughter, talking to Mrs. Ewing

Lady Evelyn Collins' son, and Major in the house-party, are with Lady Rachel Douglas-Home, Lord Home's daughters

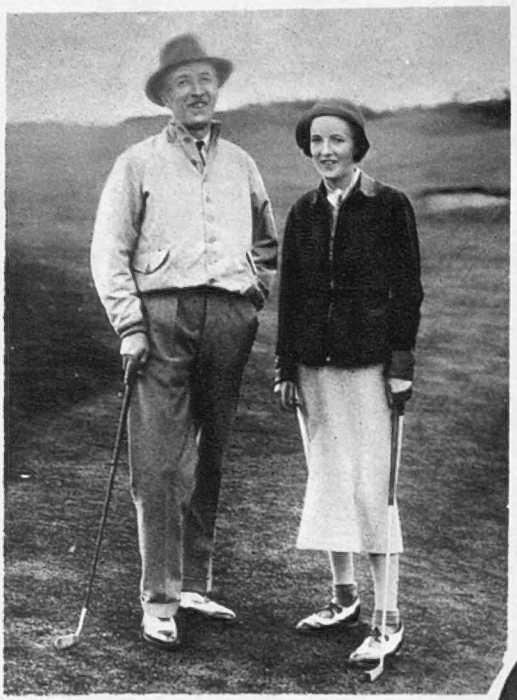
Lord Henry Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's brother, who lives at Gledswood, Melrose, and Miss Pamela Scott

Lady Alexandra Haig, Earl Haig's eldest sister, and the Earl of Haddington, who are both near neighbours of the Roxburghes

Highland Golfers

The Week's Faces on the Gleneagles Hotel Course

The Hon. Joan Marjoribanks, Lord Tweedmouth's younger daughter, has been seen



Above: the Earl of Cromer is with his younger daughter, Lady Violet Baring

Above, right: Captain and Mrs. James Campbell and their son. Mrs. Campbell is a very attractive Russian, and was Princess Catherine Galitzine

Below, left: Mrs. Bernard Baker and her two daughters, Beatrice and Joan Baker, are a family trio of golf players with the good looks very evenly distributed between them

Lady Pamela Smith is with the Hon. Michael Berry. Most of the Camrose family have been around on the Gleneagles course a good deal the last week or two

An English foursome on Scotland's most social fairway were Lady Lettice Cotterell, a non-player, Mr. Richard Cotterell, her husband, the Hon. Reggie Fellowes, Lord de Ramsey's uncle, and Mr. Gray Phillipps

Photographs by Arthur Owen

Sketches by Rouson

With his mind cracking under the strain, David (Raymond Massey) celebrates the death of his wife, to the consternation of Micky (Derek Williams), Harry (Cyril Raymond), and Hannah (Marjorie Fielding)

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Yorkshire Pudding and Mayfair Cocktails

"The Shining Hour" (St. James's Theatre)

A NOTE on the programme at the St. James's Theatre reveals that the food consumed in *The Shining Hour* is supplied by Quaglino, but it occurred to me that the cuisine of that famous restaurant is not what one would expect to find served at high teas in a Yorkshire farmhouse. I find it difficult to associate high tea with Quaglino.

As with the food, so with the characters in Keith Winter's play. It is difficult to associate them with their environment. It is possible that a Yorkshire farmer, who plays classical music on the slightest provocation and suffers from a highly-strung temperament, may fall passionately in love with his sister-in-law; it is possible that this farmer's wife, learning of his passion, may gracefully leave the field free for him to marry again by committing an act of suttee instead of fighting for her man, but these types seem to be more attuned to a bit of old Chelsea than to the bracing atmosphere of a Yorkshire moor.

Such doubts, however, do not worry the average playgoer, who for many moons will enjoy this dramatist's clever play, which discards subtlety after the first act for full-blooded melodrama, to which Gladys Cooper, Raymond Massey, and Adrianne Allen do the fullest justice, while letting Yorkshire go hang. And if the eye wishes to feast upon something more redolent of broad acres, there is always Marjorie Fielding, who, as a sharp-tongued spinster, gives an admirable performance which does somehow seem to bring "the scent of the hay across the footlights."

"Murder in Mayfair" (Globe Theatre)

IVOR NOVELLO'S latest is also full-blooded melodrama, but no self-sacrificing wife is to be found in it, for far and away the most interesting character is an amoral, husky-voiced, drinking, drug-shooting girl with a possessive instinct for the male, a part brilliantly played by Edna Best, who makes of it a memorable figure. There are other stars, for Author Ivor Novello, Fay Compton, and Zena Dare all figure in the bill, but their parts are "off the peg" instead of being original creations, and are, therefore, not so well served.

This play should serve its purpose, but I hope in the next Novello the author may give murder a miss, and rely more on comedy, at which he is so adept.

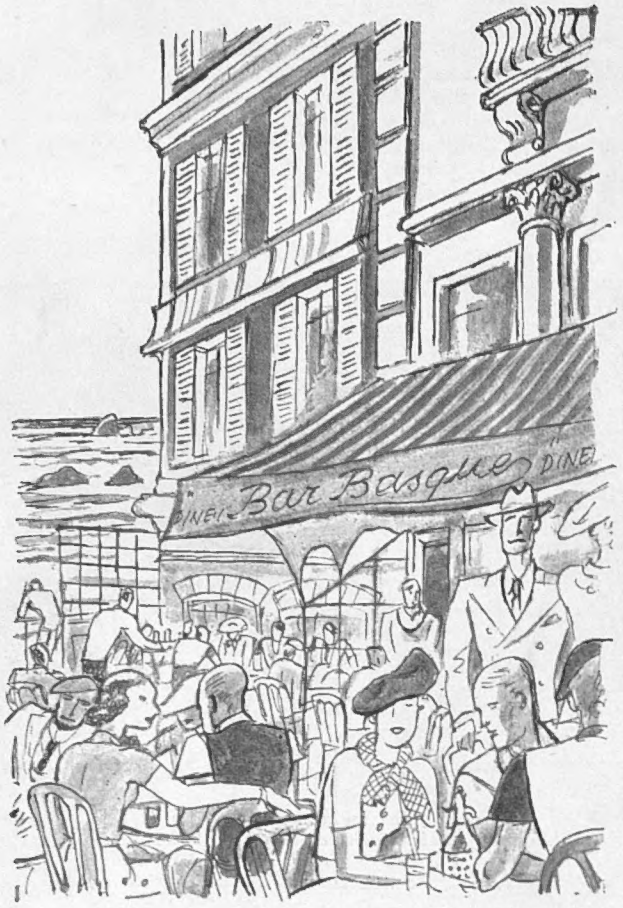
VERNON WOODHOUSE.

Country Mouse and Town Mouse. Judy (Adrianne Allen) and Mariella (Gladys Cooper) help each other to solve jig-saw and other puzzles less easily solved

THEIR NATIVE HEATH . . .

No. 12. THE CASINO BELLEVUE, BIARRITZ

By Charles Graves



Outside the Bar Basque

Miss Beth Leary wears pale-blue silk pyjamas

The Comtesse de Villeneuve buys her clothes in London

Mr. Christopher Mackintosh bathe

To have survived all the other casino seasons and to come on to Biarritz means that you are pretty well off, and this year the gambling, thanks to the roulette and Ambrose, is forty per cent. heavier than last year. Ambrose is usually the heaviest gambler wherever he is. With his dark, lean cheeks and darting eyes, he sits at the big table with a fugitive smile, as though he knew that nobody can hope to win every single afternoon and evening. His fortunes have been very variable. He won £1300 on the first two days, doubled it during the next fortnight, lost it all, and more, in the next ten days; then got it all back, and some more, in the following week. How he will stand when he returns for the re-opening of the Embassy Club on September 25th I don't know. It is a fact that Chez Ambrose, the star-spangled night-club in the Casino, where his orchestra alternates with a Paris band, sees remarkably little of him.

Lord Beaverbrook has also been a good deal in the peach-and-cream gaming rooms. But he never once played. He has only done so once in his life, he tells me. On that occasion, years ago, he was "bullied"—though how anybody bullies him I don't know—into taking a bank. He lost, and that was that. Instead he has sat in an easy chair, with his shirt-front bulging slightly, while his hefty henchman, Lord Castlerosse, turned two hundred francs into 97 mille and then back again almost to the number you first thought of.

General Trotter, slim and cheerful, may be seen dancing round Chez Ambrose. Claude Leigh—you really ought to see Claude Leigh in smoked spectacles, it's sensational—still hopes to repeat what he did once at Le Touquet when I was there. He bought a bank after it had run three times and ran it right through the shoe until the last card, when it died with an eight to a nine. The Baroness Villeneuve, better known as Bobbie Naess, is down here as usual, and still does not seem to talk any one language. It is really an extraordinary mixture of French, English, and half a dozen others. Gracie Ansell is down here in absolutely full sail. She blooms like a peony at Biarritz, where, in the old days, she was one of the great hostesses.

Evelyn Crowell has been here with Xandra Rambeau. They have just gone on to the Riviera to stay with Lord and Lady Milford Haven. Xandra is wearing a most intriguing ring. Both girls have rather patchy hair at the moment as they have decided that it is no longer fashionable to be platinum blondes and so are letting their hair grow out. Both girls, too, are hoping to become English citizens in the near future. Julie Thompson is in very good looks behind blue spectacles. She tells me that it was Barbara Mdivani's cabana that the Prince of Wales borrowed at the Chambre d'Amour. She also tells me that Eddie Fitzclarence is making a film in Paris—his first real chance in pictures.

It is more often on the polo field than in the casino that one sees the Comte de Zogheb, who recently sold his house in Bruton Street. It always surprises me that an Egyptian can be a count, and yet nothing should ever surprise one in Biarritz. He is the husband of Gabrielle Dorzia, the best-known actress in Paris. Henri Bernstein has just written a new play for her. It is to be called *Espoir*, and the whole cast rehearses two months hard before the first night. She is down here getting into training for it. Her husband wears a kind of Guards' moustache and his voice booms even louder than it did when I met him first, five years ago.

Inside the Bar Basque

OCCASIONALLY, in the afternoons, you will see Lord Cork having a very mild gamble. He is an uncle of Major Ulick Alexander and a brother of Lady Grace Baring. London seldom sees him, for he lives at Pau. You would never believe that he is in his seventieth year. He is quite one of the most charming men I know, and always has a perfect curtain-line when he takes leave of you. Jean Grinling (that was) has been down here with her new husband. She is now Mrs. Barrow, and is in remarkably good looks. The two of them have paid for their entire stay with chemin de fer.

THE man who runs the big baccarat game is a good-looking, middle-aged man who is an employee of Zographos. He and Ambrose apologise profusely to each other if either of them wins. His name is Lachmann, and he says that the Greek syndicate operates on a certain profit of five per cent., guineas to pounds, so to speak. All that he is afraid of is that the gamblers will have the sense to wait until he has won twice on both sides of the table and then go against him. The third coup is always a difficult one.

THE O'Malley-Keyes are, of course, very much in evidence. They leased their villa to the Prince for the whole of August. Mrs. Peter Horlick and her unmarried sister have shown up and Biarritz seems to be showing them a good time. There is, by the bye, a tremendous scarcity of men down here, so unattached bachelors like Paul Rediker have a pretty good time. I saw Rediker actually break the bank the other day. In other words, play was suspended at our table while a few more mille plaques were produced. But he had lost a lot at chemin de fer.

BABE BOSDARI is down here. So is her mother, who is in raging good looks. It is a *cliché*, but, in fact, they must be regularly mistaken for sisters. René Léon's equivalent at Biarritz is Monsieur Lartigue, a young Frenchman with horn spectacles and a big forehead. He has been in charge for just a year, and is to be seen most of the time with Jean Patou. Other celebrities are Quaglia, the captain of the Artiglio; and Sacha Guitry, who looks very sulky when his numbers do not turn up. Then there is Cochet, thin and dark, who has been matched against Big Bill Tilden, and Lord Newborough and the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, though by the time you read this they will probably be in Scotland, Dieppe, Bordeaux, Venice or Cheshire—unless, of course, they are back here again.

CHRISTOPHER MACKINTOSH is here with his wife and a cut foot, but insists on bathing in the sea instead of at the Chambre d'Amour. Beth Leary, more full of gossip than ever, the Marquise de Portago, as frank in her conversation as usual, Madame Lilliaz, with her blonde dachshunds, the Marquis d'Arcangues with his intriguing title, the Wrights, with their villa here and the South Atherton Hunt at home, Zographos himself, with his haunted eyes and his diet of mineral water, and Mrs. Vanderbilt, whose son Willy was killed in that terrible motor-car smash last year—pass and re-pass before you.

THERE is also Sir Frank Beauchamp. In his trim, conventional dinner jacket he looks the pillar of the Bath and West that he is. It is hard to realise that you saw him the same afternoon at the Miramar Beach clad in nothing but horn spectacles and Cambridge blue shorts

and Lady Jean in the real sea

Lord Sefton is a bachelor, as eligible as he is elusive

Mrs. Charles Gerrard turns her Canadian back on the camera

Mr. Everard Gates plays good golf: handicap eight

The Bar Basque

Left: Albert Préjean, of "Sous les Toits de Paris," fame, and Danielle Darrieux, a seventeen-year-old discovery, appear in Robert Siodmak's film, "The Slump is Over," with which the autumn season at the Curzon is opening on September 24th

Below: Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper in the M.G.M. film version of Robert Louis Stevenson's best-loved story, which started its run at the Empire last Friday. Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone, and Otto Kruger are also in the cast

"Treasure Island"

"The Slump is Over"

• FILMS of the DAY

Villains as Heroes

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

LIVES, whether they are merely lived or expounded in bibliographical literature or histrionics may be quite serious and sometimes definitely dull affairs, but *private* lives, as Mr. Noel Coward and Mr. Alexander Korda so fully appreciate, are quite a different matter. Before a private life can be utilised for the entertainment of the public it is necessary that the subject should have exceptional amative propensities. Helen of Troy was the progenitor on the screen of the historical characters whose frailties were admirable and spectacular matter for dramatisation, and Mr. Korda made a unique picture of her private life, the second film he directed in America after leaving the U.F.A. He then made a picture called *Her Private Life*. He achieved fame for himself and the British industry with *The Private Life of Henry VIII.*, and it was almost inevitable that he should ultimately "pick on" Don Juan, the prototype of the world's dilletantes in love, as a fit subject for the publicity of private affairs. He seems obsessed by this private life title. There is irony in the fact that neither monarchs nor myths have private lives! But if Mr. Korda lacks originality in his titles he does not do so in his treatments.

Greatly daring, I think and must say that *The Private Life of Don Juan* is a better picture than *The Private Life of Henry VIII.* The photography is exquisite. There are memorable sets, skies and groupings. There is a psychologically amusing as well as a dramatic theme. Mr. Frederick Lonsdale's light touch is recognisable in many of the cynical and witty lines. (He is part author.)

CURIOUSLY enough, one of the chief assets of this picture, from the advertising point of view, the fact that Douglas Fairbanks plays the chief part, is actually its principal drawback.

He seems to have lost his virility, vitality, agility and ebullience. Whether Mr. Korda's direction did not suit him, or he was quelled by the atmosphere of an English studio and the unexceptional diction of a number of distinguished English actors and actresses, which, to say the least of it, made his accent seem commonplace, or whether, at the time, he was feeling that the Private Life of Don Juan was much less interesting than the private life of Douglas Fairbanks, one cannot say, but his handling of the part is almost lethargic and at times dowdy, and one cannot, therefore, believe in his aphrodisiac effect on the ladies—and others—of Spain.

BUT what an amusing story, and how subtly handled! Don Juan, no longer young, is beginning to feel that the scaling of balconies and the maintenance of an irresistible reputation are a little arduous and that woman's chief advantage over man is that the man has to walk home! A young man, admiring and emulative, impersonates Juan and is killed by an outraged husband. The disciple is buried as Don Juan. The female population mourns. The funeral is exquisitely handled, both pictorially and satirically, and Don Juan takes a well-earned rest, incognito, in exile.

But vanity prompts him to attempt a "come-back," and to contradict the falsities in a play founded on his adventures. He is laughed to scorn as an imposter and is forced to take refuge in the bedroom of his own wife. . . .

BENITA HUME, as Dolores, the jealous but waiting wife, is the second disappointment of the film. She is almost unbelievably artificial and inadequate. Merle Oberon is the most pictorial member of the cast. Korda is let down by his stars, but the small-part members of the cast, including incomparable Athene Seyler, whose every gesture is suggestive and every intonation significant, Owen Nares, Claud Allister, Melville Cooper, Hay Petrie, Lawrence Grossmith, Gibson Gowland, etc., etc., *and* etc., are a mental and oral delight.

"Crime Without Passion"

THIS film, in which Claude Rains gives an excellent performance as a lawyer who is not quite clever enough to apply his usually successful methods to his own case, might have been called *The Private Life of a Modern Don Juan.*

"Hide Out"

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, a debonair rogue, is reformed by life on the old farm, and by a young girl, Maureen O'Sullivan. Will we ever come back to heroes who are heroes?

"Old English"

AT the Curzon: George Arliss as a Galsworthy character; whitewashed in the film, but even he was a reformed, and not entirely reformed, rake.

"Murder in Mayfair," at the Globe Theatre

Sketches by Rouson

Betwixt two fires! Jacques Clavel (Ivor Novello), a musical genius, is the bone of contention between pyjama-clad vice, typified by Auriol Crannock (Edna Best), and patient, long-suffering, virtuous Mary (Fay Compton)

Bill Sherry (Robert Andrews) who finds there are bitters in life

Right: Jacques Clavel (Ivor Novello) and Mary (Fay Compton) with Bill Sherry (Robert Andrews) added, could all have been responsible for puncturing poisonous Auriol with a bullet

Right: Mrs. Sherry (Zena Dare), a picker up of unconsidered trifles, who charges more than a trifle for them to her customers

Yorkshire Houses and Scottish Castles

A Social Itinerary in the North : By Mirón

"I AM COME," said the great Lord Rosebery to his mother, the Duchess of Cleveland, "to stay with your Graces and shoot your Grouses. . . ." Sport in some form has always been the object of entertaining in Yorkshire, that most sociable of all counties—it is a small world rather than a county. Socially, there are only the North and East Ridings, for the West Riding has never recovered from the Brontë family and the industrial revolution: it is not on the social map, though there are a few very important families left.

Of the many great houses of Yorkshire, we decided on a recent tour that Castle Howard is the grandest—in all England. In any country but ours, with its virtue—or is it a vice?—of under-statement, this would be called a palace. Being largely a picture gallery, it cannot entertain eighty visitors like Wentworth, another Yorkshire wonder, but it is overwhelming with its cut stone magnificence—with none of that stucco of Continental palaces. Very romantic and golden it looks in an other-worldly park, with wild warrens and tame lakes and long vistas down endless elm avenues, closed by an obelisk, temple, or some "folly."

The finest pictures are seen between meals, and, having done the east wing, with its Tintorettos, Rubens, and Poussins, we recovered our strength during tea beneath Flemish tapestries, for the west wing with Zoffanys, Stubbs, and Scotts. Through the windows the grandes eaux could be seen playing, and between them hung William and Mary mirrors . . .

BLONDE Labradors and Elizabethan portraits are my pleasantest memories of Birdsall, ancient home of the ancient Willoughbys, headed by the present (eleventh) Lord Middleton. The Elizabethans are curious, but the Labradors are beautiful and are also the most intelligent of the larger dogs, the Airedale being the stupidest, as proved by lost-dog statistics. Lord and Lady Middleton were just off on a cruise, so they were missed later at the York Races, where social writers murmur to each other: "Middleton with two 'd's,' no connection with the (Brodrick) Earl of Midleton, one 'd.'" Before the house stretch the Yorkshire Wolds and nearby is Malton, full of trainers and most unspoilt of all Yorkshire country towns The silver room yielded many treasures including one of those early silver dressing-table sets which accompanied his Lordship of the day in his coach from one of his seats to another, journeys that took longer than across the Continent to-day. This, the East Riding, is full indeed of charming houses. Hackness, near Scarboro', is a masterpiece in the local golden stone by a local architect, set in the confluence (what a jolly word!) of many valleys, giving views from every window. There is even a "romantick" waterfall, contemplated with much satisfaction by Lord Derwent, whose *Rossini* was one of the books we all read this summer. There is Sledmere, with its sociable bachelor host, Sir Richard Sykes; also Kirkstall Manor, full of Gainsboroughs and Constables, belonging to Lady Marjorie Beckett, who gave us tea in an eighteenth-century temple overlooking the ruins of Rievaulx in the old home of the Fevershams, with the young moon hanging over a lawn half a mile long. It made a scene like an old engraving of

Left: the Hon. Anne Wood
Centre: Baroness Beaumont
Right: the Marchioness of Huntly

Yevonde

Lord Derwent

Castle Howard, Yorkshire, where lives the Hon. Geoffrey Howard, is one of the finest country-houses in England, built of golden-coloured stone and set in a vast park. The Hon. Geoffrey Howard is the Earl of Carlisle's uncle

Left: Lady Middleton
Right: the Countess of Mar and Kellie

Left: the Duke of Montrose
Right: Sir Richard Sykes

Left: Lord Grimthorpe
Right: the Earl of Ancaster

a Distant Prospect, and as if the film of years had unrolled . . .

THE Ridings met the other day—on the Knavesmire, when, from every house, came a large party for York Races, where there are more children than at any other fixture. It is the Great Family Meeting. One expected to see, as usual, a party with Lord Grimthorpe, who also likes flying, and is President of the Ganton Flying Club near the best links in the East Riding. . . . Lady Chesterfield (her yearlings are important) from Beningbrough, where the original William Kent furniture and Chippendale beds are seen in a perfect Vanbrugh house. . . . Lord Bingley with his (Lane-Fox) family from Bramham Moor, famed gardens by Lenotre. . . . the Edward Lascelles, from Linton Springs, a small house full of large retrievers, the talk being mainly of cub-hunting. . the Fitzwilliams and Miltons, from hearty Wentworth, where they amuse the guests at all hours. . . Captain Wickham Boynton, M.F.H., from that Elizabethan gem, Burton Agnes, where a headless woman in grey fails to amuse anyone. . . . Lord Halifax (for once without his daughter Anne, the belle of the East Riding), from Hickleton, full of old prints and books. . . . Mrs. Hohler, from Newborough Abbey, famous Yorkshire home of the Wombwells, the smartest English house in the 'eighties; they show you Cromwell's head. . . . At this point, Yorkshire readers, dreadfully knowledgeable, will cry "Pshaw! He has forgotten the Rupert Becketts, from Stone House, Colonel Clitheroe, from Hotham Hall, the Guy Wilsons, Baroness Beaumont, from Carlton Towers, the Charlie Winns, from Nostell, perhaps a party from Studley Royal, Newby, Farnleigh (and its Turners!), Lady Savile, from Rufford."

But I have not . . .

"THROUGH UNKNOWN BRITAIN" we said to ourselves as the car shot across the North Riding, down the glider slopes of Sutton Bank, to arrive before the unknown and fantastic Bowes Museum at Castle Barnard, an enormous but distinctly mixed art collection housed in a full-size replica of the Tuileries burnt in 1870, a bit of Second Empire Paris on a Yorkshire moor. In a seventy-mile gale to Carlisle and up through that lowland Scotland that some of us think is not the least charming part of the country, a land of rolling sheep hills and changing lights, noisy streams and silent moors to Edinburgh. . .

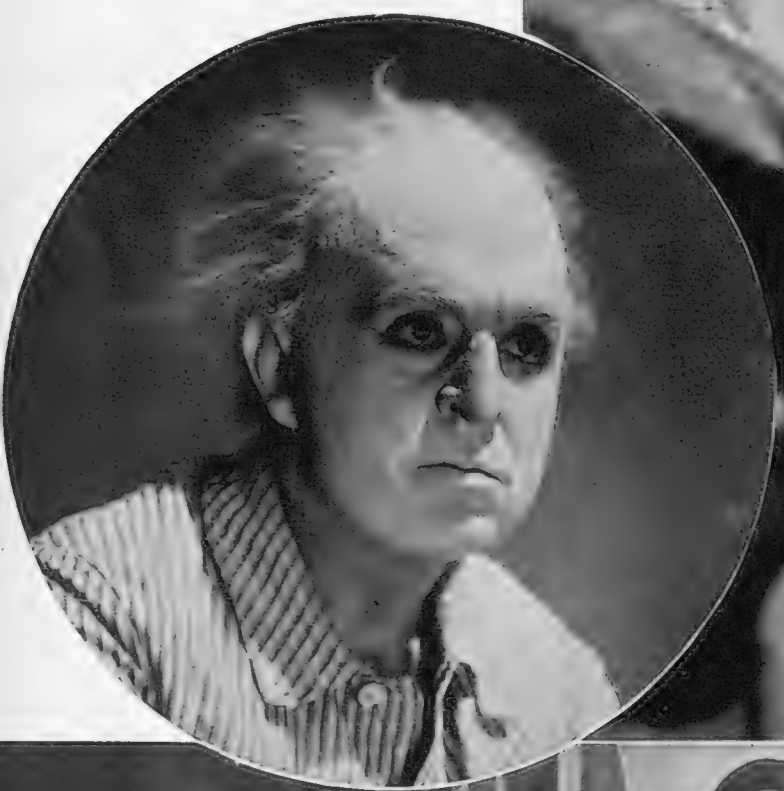
WHERE all the ladies are Raeburns and where there is always a wind, the City of a Thousand Draughts is uneasily aware that, like Scotland, it still stands where it did (of course that is her charm for us), while all the wor-r-rld and, even more serious, all the money is concentrating in London. Hasn't the Duke of Montrose been all the way en mission to Dublin (of all places) to see whether Home Rule works harmoniously? Like Venice, Edinburgh is no place for wandering gourmets, though we swear by Scottish cooks. The most delightful museum-collection of the private-house type has been opened in the old town house of the Marquesses of Huntly—a real Carnavalet of the North, carefully concealed from the grim (and lazy) editors of guide-books and usefully mentioned here. And the National Gallery there is the choicest collection of its size in the world . .

MAYFAIR visitors to the Highlands who have fallen between two house-parties were seen at luncheon in the Restaurant du Soleil [*sic*] of Gleneagles Hotel, which enables them to bridge the gap with dignity—formerly they were hard put to find a roof in emergency. All the news I heard pointed to the existence of recognised circuits of visits, from Argyllshire and the very Wild West of Mull, where they are as talkative as they are silent in Edinburgh, to Aberdeenshire, another world, by Perthshire, central and commanding. Well spoken of, as the guide-book says, were: Alloa House, where Lady Mar and Kellie has perhaps the best house-parties in all Scotland, Kinross House (Lady Montgomery's), Drummond Castle (Lord Ancaster's), with those wonderful gardens, and Blair Drummond (Sir Kay Muir's), where we found Princess Eudoxia, the brilliant sister of King Boris. All of them in sight of those purple mountains, guarded by Stirling of the Kings, that stretch beyond Balmoral, where one visitor this year will be Queen Marie of Roumania . . .

A King of the Underworld

"Dr. Mabuse" Reappears on the Screen

Below: Rudolf Klein-Rogge as Dr. Mabuse



Camilla Spira as Diamond Anna

"DR. MABUSE," which is to be shown at the Academy this month, is a continuation of the famous silent film about the criminal genius, arch-gangster and hypnotist, which was among the finest of the early German pictures. The producer is Fritz Lang, and the script is by his wife, Thea von Harbon; between them they have created one of the most sinister and terrible figures of the screen underworld. Rudolf Klein-Rogge plays Mabuse, who, after keeping his gang for years out of the clutches of the police, dies at last in the State Asylum. Camilla Spira appears as Diamond Anna, one of the gang's jewel thieves, and wife of the leader of the murder squad. In the picture on the left she is trying to bar the way when the police finally break into the headquarters of the gang

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Hands-Across-the-Sea Section

ALTHOUGH we have not said very much lately about international good-will and what not, you may rest assured, sweethearts, that we have been closely watching the situation on your behalf. We are not the sort of people to take a day off. Incessant vigilance is our slogan. The latest news from the battle-front is that Russia is likely to become a member of the League of Nations in a short time. This, we confidently predict, will necessitate a new alignment of policies. Salvador can hardly continue her flirtation with Patagonia if Angora decides to make a démarche at Oslo, and we ourselves fail to see how Tibet can remain unaffected. Indeed, we would go further and say that Mexico is almost bound in honour to show her hand, in which case Finland will be compelled to ask Honduras what her intentions are in the matter of the Bangkok-Singapore Ferry Company. As for the Hydro-Electric Concessions in the Gobi Desert, the fat will be in the fire with a vengeance if the Société Anonyme de Viticulture et Vin Tonique au Quinquina issues Debentures without exploring the ground very carefully indeed in Vienna. We have not actually consulted Mr. Vernon Bartlett about all this, but have good reason to believe that in principle he would be in general agreement with us, especially about Sofia.

Come On, Mr. Elliot

THE great race is rapidly developing into a walk-over. Mr. Elliot's yacht Quota, with a start of three miles, has already been overhauled by Mr. Hore-Belisha's yowl-rigged schooner Silence Zone, and the latter is steadily increasing its lead. Indeed, Quota appears to be almost becalmed, whereas Mr. Hore-Belisha is being assisted by an incessant series of fresh puffs, and his craft is doing splendidly.

High Finance

THE Nazi Party Congress has just come to an end. A million men were mobilised for it and the cost of it was about two-and-a-half million pounds sterling. This is not bad for a country that explains blandly every day that it has no money to pay its creditors with unless the creditors will be kind enough to lend the necessary money. An ingenious method of finance. We went and explained it rather carefully to our tailor the other day. He listened courteously and attentively, but that was as far as he went. There was no Action, if you see what we mean. By the way, one of the brown-shirt boys—a sweet, wee brownie, as Miss Wilhelmina Stitch would probably call him—suggested at the same congress that Germany's colonies should be given back to her. Presumably with a present of a few million pounds to help her to run them. Let's leave this rather silly subject, shall we?

The New Benn Gunn

MR. NOEL COWARD'S adventure produced at least one incident that will give severe headaches to the historians of the future. One journal painted a most heartrending picture of the famous dramatist cast ashore on a barren, rocky, desert coast where, for two days, he had to live in a fisherman's cabin, with nothing to eat except goat's-flesh, lobsters, and blackbirds, and with nothing to do all day except to telephone to London. On the same day another journal announced that Mr. Coward had gone ashore at Ile Rausse, a Mediterranean resort with five luxury hotels, an eighteen-hole golf-course, and a cuisine that is especially noted for its goat's-meat, its fat lobsters, and its blackbird-pie. Boy, run out for an aspirin and a brandy-and-soda. Or, stay—never mind about the soda.

Strange Tastes

THE fighting-forces of the Crown, never among the most powerful of contemporary thinkers, have just evolved an extraordinary notion. They have arranged for combined manœuvres of all three sets of the uniformed lads, the central key or nub of the whole business being a battle for the possession of Hull. We mean to say. Have you ever seen Hull? We ourselves were once stranded for two hours in Hull on a cold, wet day, with rain coming down in steady torrents, and no pubs. open.

"Say, can't you tie any knot but a granny?"

"Really, Officer, I must congratulate the authorities on the simplicity, utility and general décor of this charming little snuggery"

Fight for the possession of Hull! You can have the whole place for seven quid down so far as we are concerned; and if you like to make it guineas, we will throw in Goole as well.

Make It Snappy

In these days of intense competition, it is generally agreed that a neat, snappy title is of great advantage to a book. Mr. Beverley Nichols's *Cry Havoc* is a case in point; also Mr. Peter Fleming's *One's Company*. A capital example of the swift, compressed, easily remembered title, one that arrives like a punch on the jaw, or the staccato zip of a gunshot, or the stern "No" of a politician refusing a bribe, comes to us in the catalogue of a famous firm of publishers. It is a book that is called, simply, *The Conduct and Fate of the Peripheral Segment of a Divided Nerve in the Cervical Region when United by Sutare to the Central Segment by another Divided Nerve.*

An Important Fixture

This week the Sing Sing football season opens and the players are busy tuning up for their first match. Knuckle-dusters are being brought out of their long retirement and polished with loving care. Black-jacks are being tested, the stuffing of eel-skins renewed, and lengths of gas-piping oiled and greased to ensure the maximum of strength and resilience. Some able new recruits have joined since last season, and they ought to fill the gaps left by those who have had the misfortune to get such a shock while sitting down in the presence of a clergyman that they have not been the same men since. The great match of the season, of course, is the annual fixture against the staff of the institution. Frequently the Staff has to be almost entirely renewed after one of these encounters. No reputable insurance office will quote a cover for the referee of this match, but a public subscription is usually got up for his widow. Naturally the warders cannot afford to contribute very much out of their modest salaries, but the inmates, many of them very wealthy men, always come down very handsomely.

History Department

Two hundred and fifty-one years ago last week, a battle was fought which saved us all from being Mahomedans, and from the voice of the muezzin being heard on St. Paul's. (Though, between ourselves, we doubt if the muezzin's accent would be any more irritating than the ordinary B.B.C. announcer's.) If the Turks had captured Vienna in 1683 the whole of Europe would have fallen, but John Sobieski came thundering down with his Polish cavalry and Europe was saved. Stand at ease! Stand easy!

Press-boy's Lapse

A queer tale reaches us from Hungary which only goes to prove that a certain type of reporter never changes his spots. The Emperor of Austria was staying at a historic inn for the annual military manœuvres in 1891. A reporter "determined to get into the Emperor's private apartments by hook, or by crook." (Why "hook," by the way?) And so, in order to attain his gentlemanly objective, we are told that he "dressed himself as a sweep." And here comes the most extraordinary part of the story. Although he was thus wearing his ordinary clothes, he was not detected. Now the inn is to be pulled down and replaced with a block of flats. How swiftly does a comparatively simple country like Hungary learn the elements of Progress from clever people like us. They, too, are learning to pull down historic buildings and replace them with lovely blocks of flats.

No Comment

If the immortal Mr. W. W. Wakefield had not lived, it is possible that Mr. Peter Howard would be spoken of as England's greatest post-war "Rugger" forward. Why on earth, incidentally, we drag that in is a complete mystery as we are not proposing to talk about "Rugger" just now. What we intended to say when we set out is that Mr. Howard has just rescued from oblivion, and published, an extract from a political speech which runs as follows: "We have lost the good old British spirit. Instead we have black-shirted buffoons making a cheap imitation of ice-cream sellers." The speaker was Sir Oswald Mosley.

An Echo from the Past

You were gambolling on the nursery floor, darlings, and playing at Zeppelins and Food-Controllers and Huns, when the name of Bishop was a rather important one to old fogies like ourselves. He was a Canadian young man with a remarkable aptitude for shooting with a machine-gun

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

No. 16.—Haileybury

The Haileybury tie does most surely present a
Treat for sore eyes : it's black, silver, magenta.

At Haileybury are many destined for
Careers which start at Sandhurst or " The Shop,"
And embryonic Generals by the score
At pearly dawn (or thereabouts) will stop
To quaff their cocoa ere they run around
The Avenue ; while, later in the day,
On Twenty-acre or the Terrace field,
At " Hoips " or " Rugger " proper will be found
Those stalwarts who dive headlong in the fray
In which bruised shins are very often " heeled."

At cries of " Faggable," the smaller fry,
Like gangsters, find that they are on the run,
For those who are not very quick and spry
Find many unsought labours to be done ;
But when they graduate from D.C.'s to
The studies, they acquire a proper pride,
Which, after all, is but to be expected,
And in the course of time gain kudos new
On joining those big men who 're " wearing side "
And no more find in Bradby they 're " exected."

West India College (such was its first name)
Possesses an outstanding O.T.C.
Which has a strictly local claim to fame
Connected with the College Mutiny.
The swimming-bath is famous for its size ;
Full many think that Bradby is a joy
To those who love the grandeur that was Rome,
But when the Chapel's roof assails the eyes
Of every normal sort of man and boy
They cry in anguish, " There 's no place like Dome ! "

B. W.

" It's Stravinsky we're playing, remember, not Tschaikowski "

" Well, that's off my chest "

from an aeroplane. They used to say that he was not a very good airman, but he was a deadly shot, and he did more than any other man to carry on the tradition of attack which the great Albert Ball, V.C., established on the Western Front in the air. Now we read that Colonel Bishop is taking flying-lessons and learning to fly again. It takes us back, lovelies, it takes us back. Another great Canadian flying-man, Major Gladstone (" Bill ") Murray, of the B.B.C., flew all through the war, and then gave it up entirely until his recent visit to Canada. Then he went in an aeroplane with an indifferent pilot, and had to use all his old technical skill when he grabbed the controls and brought the machine out of a nasty nose-dive.

A Sad Moment

Darlings, our happy little Syndicate is dissolved. This is the last week in which we shall be engaged upon our almost insuperable task of trying to hammer a little elementary education into your exquisite but entirely empty heads. This time next week another Syndicate will be at work. Other hands will be driving our trusty quills across the foolscap. Other ankles will clank the fetters in our suite of dungeons, forty feet below Inveresk House. We ourselves have served our sentence. With the usual remission for good conduct, we are now released, with the sole obligation of having to report every week at the office. Nevertheless, we are a little sad. Like that poor prisoner in the Bastille, who was discovered when the place was torn down, we shall be rather lonely in our freedom, and the day will come when we may look back regretfully to the dungeons. (Especially as we have been paid a little pocket-money all this time, whereas the Bastille gent. got nothing.) Well, there it is. A riverderei, sweet ones, Vayan ustedes con Dios.

The Bystanders.

Family Affairs

Three Mothers, Two Sons and a Daughter

Left: Lady Ebury, wife of Baron Ebury, with her infant son, Francis Egerton, taken at their home, Red Heath, Croxley Green, Herts. The child's godparents are Mr. Robert Coombe, Mr. John Glyn, the Hon. Elizabeth McLaren and Miss Ursula Jervis. Lady Ebury was, before her marriage last year, Miss Anne Acland-Troyte

Lenare

Lady Ebury and Francis

Tunbridge

Above: *Mrs. Allon Bacon and Deirdre*

A picture of Mrs. Allon Bacon and her daughter, Dierdre. Her husband is in America, being one of the yachtsmen chosen as the amateur crew of Mr. Sopwith's yacht, Endeavour, which is attempting to restore the America's Cup to England after its many years' absence in the U.S.A. Mrs. Allon Bacon is the daughter of Sir William de Courcy Wheeler, the famous surgeon, and Lady de Courcy Wheeler, and a grand-daughter of Lord Craigmyle

Right: *Mrs. Robin Grant and Son*

Mrs. Robin Grant is the wife of Lieut. Robin Grant, R.N., a well-known racing motorist, son of Major-General and Lady Sybil Grant, and a nephew of the Earl of Rosebery. Before her marriage she was Miss Pamela Wellesley, daughter of the late Captain Lord Richard Wellesley, and of Lady George Wellesley, and a grand-daughter of the late Duke of Wellington

Bassano

WHEN FRIENDS MEET

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"White Label"

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Causton

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Family Party at Doncaster

The Hon. Mrs. George Lambton, Lady Durham, Lord Durham, Teddy Lambton, and Sybil Lambton, Mrs. George Lambton's younger son and daughter, at the first day of the Yearling Sales at Doncaster

Lord Derby in Scotland

Lady de Trafford watching Lord Derby drive off; he was in Scotland before the St. Leger meeting. Lady de Trafford is wearing a plum-coloured hat, check skirt, and a short-sleeved sweater

I CANNOT yet announce that the Little Season has begun. My distinguished collaborator, Mrs. Peeps, is still on holiday (and would she be likely to miss the opening?), the winsome Becky is as silent as the grave, and Corisande is still all Scotch and Gleneagles-ish.

ALSO a great number of the night-clubs are not yet open. The Café de Paris has taken advantage of this, done a Gordon Richards on its rivals, and stolen a three-lengths lead at the gate, under the bright jockeyship of Poulsen. Ciro's is in the expectant stage; Quaglino's and the Savoy run on for ever, like Tennyson's brook; Park Lane looks like becoming one vast horde of Follies, for Grosvenor House is going to put up a challenge to the Dorchester in this respect. However, I think Impresario Whitley is ready to launch his counter-attack from New York.

One should possibly consider a significant sign of the very near approach of the Little Season: that is the death of cricket. When the last old spectator has crept into his autumn quarters, one can usually mark that as a portent. One cannot, of course, count the Goose Match at Harrow, for the last few balls of it are usually bowled in the dark, and there is no luncheon interval.

Arthur Owen

On the River

Miss Joanne Briscoe-George and her sister, Lady Selby, on Boulter's Lock Island during the last heat-wave. Lady Selby was Veronica Briscoe-George, and married Viscount Selby last year

JUST as the area round Lake Bled provides the holiday resort for the Yugo-Slavians, similarly Lake Wolfgang does likewise for the Austrians. The popular resort on it is Strobl, which is only about ten minutes away from White Horse Inn, of Coliseum fame. And Salzburg is an hour away in a car.

The bathing in the lake at Strobl is very good: here one can see such as Prince Tassilo Furstenberg, Baroness Bonstetten, Baroness Goldschmidt-Rothschild, all of whom are known in England, and from the neighbouring Ischl will come over Countess Zoppola, bringing in her party Captain and Mrs. Alistair MacIntosh, and Mrs. Corrigan. Countess Zoppola, who is American, has taken the Heimwehr leader, Prince Starhemberg's schloss, and the trout-fishing and chamois-shooting are excellent, though no reports are to hand yet of any deceased chamois.

Timothy John Wagg

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wagg's son was born a few weeks ago; he was sketched in his pram in the garden at Greywalls, his grandmother, Mrs. James Horlick's house at Muirfield

Mrs. Kenneth Wagg

Mrs. Kenneth Wagg was also sketched at Greywalls, that attractive house looking out over the Muirfield links. She is the elder of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. James Horlick's two daughters, and married Kenneth Wagg last year

The Hon. Charles Baillie-Hamilton

Left: the Hon. Charles Baillie-Hamilton has been playing golf at North Berwick. He was staying with his mother, Lady Binning, who has a house there

FROM Venice I have news of a reception given by the Countess Morosini, at which were present the Duke of Genoa, Senatore Marconi, Princess Jean de Faucigny-Lucinge, and many lovely Italian women, one of the most attractive being the Comtessa Bezzi-Scali. Later that evening, in the Palazzo Mocenigo, Count Andrea de Robilant had a spaghetti-party—but there was more to eat than spaghetti. Somebody started to dress up Miss Hoytie Wyborg, but no smile appeared on her face, although her hair was in slight disorder. Princess Aspasia of Greece, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Arlen (it should have been Michael, not Richard, last week, too, who had his mention in despatches), Mr. Cecil Beaton in his best "Venetians," Miss Olga Lynn, Mme. Ralli, who is Princess Marina's great friend, and Alanova were all there.

THE good old Yorkshire roar came out all right at Doncaster on St. Leger Day. Windsor Lad did not let down his supporters, and Mr. Martin H. Benson has now got a profit on his purchase. And nobody is more pleased than the Maharaja of Rajpipla for, having won the Derby and sold the horse at a big price, he is a good enough sportsman to hope that the purchaser would have the best of luck.

MEN'S fashions have been on display at the Sales Paddocks. Lord Carnarvon winks a pretty knowledgeable eye as he looks over the yearlings, clad in his jodhpurs, bird's-eye scarf, and check cap; Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort is well to the fore, sartorially and as a buyer, and Prince Aly Khan pulls out a few hard-earned pounds to buy a Cyclonic filly. Perhaps she may carry him to victory in three years' time in a "bumpers" race. Sir Alfred Butt, refreshed with the sun from the Lido, was another buyer.

Mr. Sidney Beer, who a few years ago would have been a prominent nodder to the bidding, now devotes his efforts to catching the eye of the leader of the orchestra rather than of the auctioneer. I wonder when he will conduct again in this country, for he now lives almost entirely in Vienna. The Warsaw, Dresden, Berlin, and Vienna Philharmonic Orchestras are to perform under his baton this autumn, with soloists such as Kreisler and Rachmaninoff.

LORD FITZWILLIAM had his usual huge party at Wentworth, Lord Wharncliffe entertained at Wortley, Lord Scarborough at Sandbeck, and Lord Lonsdale was with the Princess Royal and Lord Harewood. Countess Paul Munster, now that their place in Yugo-Slavia is let to the Channons, spends more time over here, and came over from Sledmere with Sir Richard Sykes.

SHOOTING people all discussed the recent very large bags of grouse obtained at Wemergill, which has been taken by Sir Ian Walker this season. Over one bag of some 2960 grouse-lets, Mr. Tom Purdey, having littered the moor with his firm's cartridge-cases (and, I hope, having discharged the contents into the heads of several grouse), burst forth into the daily Press with a pæan of praise about it.

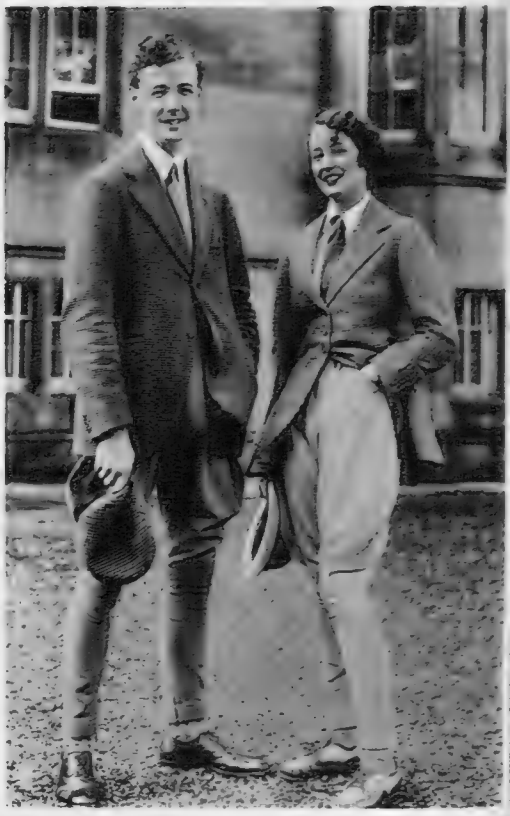
EVELYN WAUGH'S new book, *A Handful of Dust*, besides being remarkably amusing, shows that he is well in touch with the mentality of modern Mayfair. He has not allowed his observations to "date," as has recently been shown by one famous author in his book. There is a very good description of Buck's Club in it, though I learn from a member that "Mr. Beaver" is not recognisable. I wonder if "Buck"

Miss Ruth Primrose

Sketched at dinner with the Esmonds at North Berwick. She has been playing a lot of golf there

Miss Ursula Horlick

Having tea after two rounds of golf at Muirfield. She is the James Horlicks' younger daughter



Honeymoon in Ireland

Mr. and Mrs. Lennox Livingstone-Learmonth (she was Pamela Vandeleur) are honeymooning at Kilruddery, Lord Meath's place in Co. Wicklow, which he has lent them

rushed at the green ink-pot when he read about it? Rupert Grayson, in his latest Gun Cotton book, draws attention to the famous green ink, which is becoming almost as characteristic of the user as is the I.Z. tie of Lord Portarlington.

Noel Coward, who has quite recovered from the shock of almost losing the manuscript of his autobiography in the wreck of the Mairi, is credited to have made the remark about a certain rather effervescent young man, "that he was a nice boy—very. In fact, he is quite unspoiled by his many failures."

GLADYS COOPER, whose play, *The Shining Hour*, is being such a deserved success at the St. James's, has a "jeune premier" son. For John Buckmaster made his appearance as such to June's leading lady in Charlot's revue at Manchester last week, where also is the great Cochran-ian production, *Streamline*. Mr. Cecil Beaton, who has been darting about like a swallow on the Lido beach, was, like Sir Edward of "Duggie" fame, "most enthusiastic." He has had a hand in the décor, so have Romney Brent and many others.

THE engagement, as yet not officially stabilised, between Mr. Woolworth ("Woolley") Donahue and Miss Wendy Barrie is liable to be confirmed towards the end of the year. The Donahues, with a considerable amount of overweight in luggage, have now returned to America, where I gather that a certain amount of tactful handling may be required to convince somebody that "Woolley" wants to marry "Wendy." Mrs. Woolley Hart has departed for China, with Mrs. Wellington Koo, and Sir Denison Ross is shortly off on a visit to Persia.

MR. PEEPS

An Austrian Lido

Prince Tassilo Furstenberg and Baroness Goldschmidt-Rothschild at Strobl, on the lovely lake of Wolfgang, where the Austrians all go in summer to bathe and lie in the sun

At the Sales

Mrs. Patrick Dennis and Mrs. "Boy" Wilson were two of the most attractive of the decorations at the Doncaster Sales. They both know their share about horses

A September Week-End at Le Touquet

(1) Sir Frank Beauchamp, who went to Le Touquet from Biarritz, is with Mrs. Archie Maclaren

(2) Lady Worthington-Evans, with Mme. H. Sirot, whom she beat in the Ladies' Golf Challenge Cup

(3) Mr. William Garthwaite, Sir William Garthwaite, Miss Barbara Fair, and Mr. Anthony Garthwaite

(4) Mrs. Mellor and Major Clive Burn before their morning round

(5) Diana Beaumont, in private life Mrs. John Barter, with her husband

(6) Miss Priscilla Weigall, Sir Archibald Weigall, and Lord Curzon

(7) Mme. Heymarick and Miss Anne Quilter, who were opponents in the Ladies' Challenge Cup

(8) Mrs. Reiben and her daughter, Miss Isabella Reiben, the Welsh Champion, were two more competitors

(9) Mr. Dennis Martin, Mr. Robert Sweeny, Junior, Miss Grace and Mr. H. Anderson waiting to start

(10) Mr. A. E. R. Gilligan, the cricketer, and Mrs. Gilligan went over to Le Touquet for the golf

(11) So did Senator Eddy Close, of the U.S.A., and Mrs. Close

(12) Sir Norcot Warren, often at Le Touquet, and Mme. Arnaud Faure

(13) A foursome: Mr. Henry Paget, the Earl of Drogheda, Mr. R. H. Meatyard, and Major Percy Quilter

(14) Mr. Curtis Moffat is with Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley

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ROUND ABOUT

At the Yearling Sales—

—At Doncaster

Above: Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Rank at the Sales, which were well attended, and caused some tidy sums of money to be named

Left: Frank Butters, who trains for the Aga Khan and Aly Khan, with the latter, whose new moustache gives him a vaguely Fairbanksian look

A Northants Hunter Show

Lady Penrhyn and Miss Hope Brook at the Hunter Show at Brackley last week, a centre for the Grafton and Bicester

It's an Old English Custom

Prima Donna

Lily Pons, in check shirt and sailor's trousers, waving from the balcony of her hotel at Cannes. She is generally described as the world's smartest prima donna. There is, according to the "New Yorker," a town named after her in the U.S.A.

Left: Miss Lisa Van den Bergh and Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore keeping up-to-date with their social news while they were at Aix-les-Bains. Miss Gordon-Moore works so hard for charity ball committees that she is entitled to call her travels a well earned holiday

Sophistication

Portrait of Peggy Fears

This lovely creature is—have you guessed?—a film star. She started life as a Ziegfeld chorus girl, didn't like the people she was next to, so left, and got featured parts in New York. Then she did a bit of producing, put on "Nona," "Music in the Air," and "Champagne Supper," played lead on Broadway in "The Divine Moment," and made such a success that Fox snapped her up and gave her a contract. So now she's in Hollywood, and her first film is "Lottery Lover," with Pat Paterson and Lew Ayres

Captain James Brinsley FitzGerald and Lady Moyra FitzGerald walking round on the first day of the St. Leger meeting. Lady Moyra FitzGerald is Lord Portarlington's youngest sister

Lord Derby and his elder son, Lord Stanley, at the sales. Lady Derby's filly by Fairway—St. Oswyn made the record price on the first day, bought for Miss Dorothy Paget

Lady Helena Fitzwilliam, who doesn't miss many race-meetings, came over from Wentworth, where Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam had a big party. She is with Sir Anthony Weldon

The Big Yorkshire Week : Racing and the Sales at Doncaster

A Racing Reverie

A Windsor Lad at Doncaster

By "Regular"

"TOP-HOLE, but sweating a bit." So spake Marcus Marsh when I enquired of Windsor Lad's well-being, just prior to the first race on Leger day.

This condition, I may add, answered for the majority of us. The weather was very hot, and although the Champagne Stakes had cost us very dear, there was no falling off in the attendance round the champagne tent, and, as you know just as well as I do, nothing makes you hotter than a glass of champagne, unless it 's two or three glasses of the same beverage.

LOVELY women abounded in this merry spot, the best-looking ones to catch my eye being Mrs. "Donny" Player, Mrs. Pat Dennis, Mrs. Loel Guinness, Lady Milton, Lady Stavordale, and Miss Parrington; but, of course, there were masses of others, and after Windsor Lad had obliged there was one solid mass of thirsty humanity.

As you know, Windsor Lad won in the style of the great horse we know him to be, and we breathed a sigh of thankfulness, realising that we could walk down Old Burlington Street once again feeling like the village blacksmith.

I STOOD in the unsaddling enclosure with the Maharaja of Rajpipla as Windsor Lad was being unsaddled, and you can take it from me that not even Marcus Marsh, Charlie Smirke or Mr. Benson were more pleased than he was.

IN the first place, he had a very big bet on Windsor Lad at 5-2, and even if he hadn't, he is far too good a sportsman to want a horse to be beaten simply because he had sold it.

IN conclusion, may I once and for all squash the rumour that Mr. Benson took Windsor Lad in payment of a gambling debt. This mischievous story has no foundation whatsoever. His Highness has had three big bets in his life and all three were on Windsor Lad. In the ordinary way he is in the ten-pound line of business.

LUCK certainly goes in cycles. For five years Charlie Smirke was deprived of his livelihood, and we wrote him down as finished. He had his licence restored, and he wins the Derby and Leger in the same year. At that rate, next year I shall win the Calcutta and the Irish Sweeps.

FEW meetings in my recollection have opened more expensively than this last rendezvous on the Town Moor. We all arrived brimful of confidence from our holidays, but by about 3.30 p.m. we realised that a couple more weeks in the South of France would have been an economy compared with what we were going through at Doncaster.

At the time of writing, the sales have only just started, but already we realise that there is another great boom in bloodstock, for which breeders should offer up a prayer of thankfulness. Everyone you meet still insists that he 's broke beyond redemption, but a good-looking, fashionably bred yearling has only to be led into the sale ring for the bidding to go in thousands.

WHEN you have stood for a couple of hours near Mr. Tattersall and watched people treating money just as if there was so much of it about that nothing really mattered, you are apt to get a false perspective. Accordingly, we arrived in time for the first race, and when the bookmakers offered us evens Polar Bear, it looked too good to be true, and we helped ourselves.

THE sun shone from a cloudless sky, and the only complaints emanated from the "lovelies" who had arrived in tweeds and wished to heaven they 'd trotted out their chiffons. "I should have been so much more comfortable, my dear, and since it 's been cleaned you 'd have had no idea Harry upset a glass of champagne over it at Goodwood."

To return to Polar Bear. The Indian summer was obviously too much for him, and before we knew where we were, we 'd already lost quite enough to get on with. Strathcarron is an infuriating horse. You will remember I tipped him to you for the Stewards' Cup, but he formed such an attachment for the starter that he refused to leave him. The same thing happened at York, but just when we had taken a proper view about Polar Bear, he leaves the gate like a flash and wins in a trot.

THE next favourite, Man of Property, fell all of a heap in the straight. You expect that sort of thing at Plumpton, but I 'm damned if you do at Doncaster. Then came Hoplite, unplaced.

THE greatest blow, however, was the defeat of Hairan, who never at any stage looked like justifying the long odds we 'd laid on him. Kingsem got a flyer, but, even so, we were told that Hairan could overcome any difficulty and still win.

THE going was very hard, and Prince Aly Khan had grown a moustache, either of which, of course, might possibly have upset a sensitive thoroughbred. Far be it from me, however, to make excuses for him. All I know is that if I back every other winner till the end of the meeting, I shall still be losing.

EVEN the worst day may have its compensations, and Stanley Wootton, the backer's best friend for a long time, produced Credenda filly, which eased the situation not a little

The NEW health drink of to-day:

Libby's CANADIAN TOMATO JUICE

TAKE Libby's Tomato Juice for your health's sake.

For Breakfast

Libby's Tomato Juice is made perfect by the new gentle press method which extracts only a certain part of the squeezable juice—eliminating bitterness from skin or seeds and retaining all the vital, health-giving concentrated essence of luscious sun-ripened red fruits. It is wonderful rich, and smooth, and full of flavour. Fill up a glass with Libby's gentle press Tomato Juice. Then taste it. Its bracing, fresh from the garden taste will delight you. The tomato is the only fruit containing all the known vitamins.

For Lunch

Vitamin C that helps preserve your teeth; B that aids your digestion by stimulating your appetite; and Vitamin A, the most vital of all, which builds up body resistance.

Before Dinner

You know Libby's Grape Fruit and Pine-apple Juices. Now try Libby's Tomato Juice for health, strength, and vigour. So inexpensive too!

TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL.

1 *Medium Can Libby's Tomato Juice.*

½ *Teaspoon Celery Salt.*

1½ *Teaspoons Lemon Juice.*

1½ *Teaspoons Worcester Sauce.*

3 *Drops Tobasco Sauce.*

Mix in order given and serve chilled.

Amount: Serves six.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Ltd., London, E.C.3

A CANADIAN PRODUCT

For your throat's
sake - smoke
CRAVEN "A"

Golf Clubs at Home

Royal Cromer Golf Club, Norfolk

(1) Lord Suffield, President, and R. V. Martyn. (2) John Barrow (Secretary), and R. K. Winter. "Kusoe" in foreground. (3) W. A. Clowes and Sir Henry Pelham, K.C.B. (ex-Captains). (4) M. L. Van Moppes (ex-Captain) and Colonel N. W. Wingate-Saul. (5) The Bishop of Barrow-in-Furness and G. Fisher Rowe. (6) B. A. Lowe and W. A. Kiernan. (7) The Hon. John Harbord and G. E. Fisher-Rowe. (8) E. M. Van Moppes and E. T. Pelham

London Not So Empty

The Café de Paris Re-opens

A cheerful quartette: Mr. Munro Kerr, Mrs. George Heneage, Mr. T. Fitzgerald, Mrs. E. Standish

Mrs. Archie Campbell, and Mr. Norman Lasky were among the many visitors present

Captain McAlpine and the Hon. Mrs. McAlpine, who is a daughter of Lord Bethell

Below: Lord Inverclyde talking to Mrs. Tennyson D'Eyncourt and Mrs. Yvonne McDonald

Below: Lord Chichester and Mr. "Eddie" Tatham seen at a table in the balcony

Captain Rees and Miss Elizabeth Brooke. She is the daughter of the Rance of Sarawak

Photographs by Swaebe

Fashions by Jean Burnup

Take:

One black velvet skirt to the ground, tight, svelte (this gives you a new word mixture, svelvet. . .)

Take:

One gleaming lamé tunic, hyacinth blue melting into silver, draped at the neck, long and tight in the sleeve.

Take:

One black and silvery sequined blouse, which ties back of the waist and back of the neck and is open in between.

This gives you two party outfits to see you through any evening occasions. Neither is too dressy for the casual come-round-for-drinks invitation; both are dressy enough for theatre and supper-dancing afterwards.

Posed by Anna Lee, leading lady to Jack Hulbert in the new Gainsborough picture, "The Camels Are Coming."

Tunic, blouse and skirt from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge.

Photographed by Helen MacGregor

All Day Long Clothes

YOU could hardly have a more useful or becoming Autumn town suit than the one shown at the right, and below, in lustrous brown satin and smooth cloth. The tunic, severely plain in front, is slit half-way down the back and has a waist sash, tying at the side. The coat, slightly longer than the tunic, nips in a little at the waist, in the new manner. Posed by Mrs. John Tilley.

YOU can sit around the house in this straight black cloth dress, if you like, and know you are ready to face the most critical visitor. But it is worth putting your hat and fur on and taking it out to lunch, it's so good-looking. A detachable front, lined with white ottoman, and reversible, ties round the waist, and with soft draping, buttons behind at the throat. Harrods will copy this model in various colours, for seven-and-a-half guineas.

Photographs by Helen MacGregor

Glamorous Clothes for Evenings Out

THE evening dress above is made of mousey angora, studded with tiny steel beads, tight fitting, a grand line. Georgette Renal. *Rockwell*

THE front of the dress on the left is stiff navy watered silk, draped tightly to the figure, and swirling round to the sides. There it stops its navy career and becomes bright apple-green. Germaine Bailly. *Dorvyne*

HEADS, HANDS, FEET . . .

ANNA LEE, a dimply pink-and-white English type, shows that you don't have to look exotic or end your name with a "ski," to wear, successfully, Molyneux's version of the Russian toque seen in most of the Paris collections. This one, in black cloth, with a soft crown, is banded with nutria.

NEXT door is the hat to make even your best friend envious. Black felt with a careless quill. A Suzy model.

THE three-button gauntlets have large, comfortable side pouches in which to tuck your sleeves, without crushing. Washable grain cape. Various colours.

The other gloves are also soft washable grain cape, trimmed inconsequently, but smartly, with little bows.

SHOES which supply all that feet ask to-day, smartness and comfort in equal measure. The courts are soft brown Russian leather, attractively punched and stitched; the tie-ups are black suède, also punched and stitched.

Hats, gloves and shoes come from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street.

Photographs by Helen MacGregor.

For the GREAT OPEN SPACES

AT the left, a Harris tweed coat in a small brown and beige check. From Studd and Millington of Conduit Street, which is the same as saying that it is the best possible material and the best possible tailoring.

AT the top, a cardigan coat and skirt in an attractive loose tweed, oatmeal and brown, green flecked. Raglan sleeves, useful pockets, excellent line. Green knitted jumper, green and brown scarf. From Marshall and Snelgrove, who have an exceptionally good collection of tweeds and knit wear.

AT the extreme right is a country suit that is extremely right. It is loose tweed in a new grey-blue shade. The blue knit jumper is tucked at the shoulders, and the neck fastens with brown leather strappings and buckles. So does the wide stripped belt. The belted coat is skirt length and does up, very smartly, at the neck. Spectator Sports model from Richard Sands.

Golfers at Prestatyn

Competitors in the Welsh Amateur Championship

T. R. Hopkins (Ashburnham) and C. H. L. Turner (Rhyl) captured at the third tee

A. L. Black (Rhos-on-Sea), present champion, and Ronald Whitsun (Chester)

G. A. Essex (Rhos-on-Sea) and W. Vivian Jones (Chester)

E. W. Willmer (Chester) and J. Chase (Rhos-on-Sea), two more championship competitors, photographed at the first tee

A trio of competitors: E. R. Bullimore (Royal Porthcawl), James Peagram (Chester), and Norman Newton (Rhos-on-Sea)

Above: L. Mortimer (Rhyl), seen with Alwyn Lloyd (Ashburnham)

R. M. Harrold (St. Deimoe) and Major Ormrod (Wrexham), seen at the fourth tee

Left: D. H. V. Edwards, R. Rivett, W. Ellis Brown (Prestatyn) before play

It's 'Celanese' that's the Beauty of it . .

For the loveliness of fabric that lies in subtle colour and gleaming richness, for the loveliness that lies in supple texture and graceful lines, for the loveliness that will make all your grandest dreams come true — choose a 'Celanese' Novelty fabric.

The Gown pictured here is made in one of the series of Gold designs on black 'Celanese' Taffeta.

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royds

On the Gleneagles Hotel Golf Links

The Countess of Cromer, whose husband is Censor of plays but not of play, and her son, Viscount Errington

Mr. and Mrs. John Dewar, who are both enthusiastic golfers as well as enthusiastic patrons of the Turf

The Welsh Amateur Championship

Roger Chapman (Newport) and H. R. Howell (Glamorganshire), two competitors in the Welsh Championship, held at Prestatyn

A Great Veteran Golfer:

By F. G. L. Fairlie

VARIOUS events of considerable importance have occurred in the last week, and, although I always try to avoid making this page a rather out-of-date record of results which you have known for at least a week, there are moments when a few remarks on outstanding achievements can stand the possible criticism of being stale news.

One of these is undoubtedly provided by the final of the West of England Championship, recently held on the Burnham and Berrow Club's course, in Somerset. In the final of this important and delightful event (one which I have always promised myself I will attend some day, but that day has, up to the moment, never dawned, very much to my regret), the Hon Michael Scott regained a title which he has held on three previous occasions, in itself a definite achievement. I say this because Scott was giving many years to nearly all the other competitors. After his great triumph in the Amateur Championship last year, Scott was rightly appointed Captain of our Walker Cup side for this year's contest, but he cannot be said to have particularly distinguished himself in that event. However, no man can do better than his best, and I know that no man was more keen a captain than Scott proved himself to be.

But his latest triumph in the West of England Championship is even more remarkable for the fact that, in the final, he defeated one of the leading players of that team which he captained at St. Andrew's. It was Cyril Tolley who was opposed to him over 36 holes, and Scott led all the way, going round in the morning in 76 strokes, which gave him a lead of four holes, and finally once again winning the Championship by four up with three to play. In the afternoon the play was more level, for each returned approximate scores of 65 for the 16 holes played; but the usually illustrious Tolley was unable to make any impression on his opponent with these figures.

I should like to congratulate Michael Scott very heartily on this, his latest success, for I do honestly believe that he is one of the very few really class amateur players that we have produced in recent years, and it is a fine send-off for him for Australia, where he goes to captain the British Touring side which is being sent by the Royal and Ancient in connection with the Melbourne Centenary celebrations.

ANOTHER golfer who has recently been rather under a cloud as far as form is concerned, has also just achieved an outstanding performance by winning the 18-hole stroke competition which always precedes the Irish Open Amateur Championship. This is played on the Saturday, and this year was at Portmarnock, and Crawley returned the excellent score of 72, which, I understand, is three strokes better than the official scratch score of the course. In view of the fact that there was a heavy wind, this is all the more praiseworthy, and I am delighted to be able to record this achievement on the part of a very fine golfer. By the time you read these words, Crawley may conceivably have added the Irish Open Championship to his other successes: it certainly looks as if he intended to by the way in which he played in this preliminary event.

AND now I come to a very pleasant task, which is to record that the British Seniors Golfing Team, which has just been engaged in its usual Triangular Tournament against the Seniors of the United States and of Canada, has won another victory for Great Britain. True, this year, in spite of a serious reverse in the Walker Cup, and the loss of our Amateur Championship to America, British golfers have done considerably better than usual, and we may have rather got into the habit of expecting our Seniors to win this Triangular Championship: it is very pleasant, however, to find that they do not fail us. As well as the Team Championship, Great Britain was successful in providing the winner of the Individual Seniors Championship, in the person of J. W. Beaumont-Pease, recently Captain of St. Andrews, and sensation-maker-in-chief in the Amateur Championship, not so very long ago, when he proceeded to destroy favourite after favourite with complete sang-froid. The score returned by Pease was 74, which, although I do not know on which course it was made, is quite good enough on any first-class golf course. So, as far as the Seniors are concerned, Great Britain has made a clean sweep of available honours, and can afford to give herself another congratulatory pat on the back.

FINALLY, I am asked, and willingly agree, to give a little publicity to the Open Mixed Foursomes which are to be held at the Mannings Heath Golf Club, in Sussex. This is only a one-day event, but it loses nothing for not being long drawn out . . . it forms a grand and entertaining day in the country. There is a medal competition in the morning, and in the afternoon the less strenuous form of playing against bogey. Those wishing to enter must send their handicaps and entrance-fees to the Secretary, Mannings Heath Golf Club, not later than October 1st, and it should be noted that caddies will be provided unless otherwise stated. This event is very good fun, and I cordially recommend it to any couple who may want a pleasant day's competitive golf without too much "do to the death" atmosphere.

Sussex seems to be getting the Open Meeting habit at the moment, for the annual event under that title takes place shortly at Pulborough, or, to give it its official name, the West Sussex Golf Club. This is more pretentious—a three-day affair. Events against bogey and with score card are frequent throughout those three days: for men only, for ladies only, and for foursome partnerships, male, female, and mixed. It is all great fun, and those interested should write to the Secretary for particulars. Make a note of the date: September 28th, 29th, and 30th.

The End of our Cricket Giants

Reflections and Selections on the Past Season by H. H. Harris

Voce is now wearing crêpe for his vacation

Mr. Fender offers Felix at the "Zoo" his last literary masterpiece

Mr. Percy Chapman has retired to the authors' bunker at West Hill to finish his last drop of ink

Left: Hobbs has exchanged one well-thumbed dictionary for a wry-neck putter and some re-paints

Left: Larwood is much quieter now, and is sending his ink-stained clothes away to the cleaners

And the poor Selectors are selecting in seclusion (Mr. Higson, Sir Stanley Jackson and Mr. Perrin)

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Complex Cromwell

By A. G. Macdonell

WHEN a reviewer is confronted with a really important book, he has three alternative courses of action open to him: (*a*) he may settle down in the British Museum for a few months and make a careful study of the subject of the book, in order to write a learned and authoritative review. The result will be admirable, but useless, for he will have long since lost his job, and his wife and family will be starving; (*b*) he may write a perfunctory review and chance a row with his employers; and (*c*) he may ignore the book altogether. I write with feeling, as I am faced with Mr. John Buchan's *Oliver Cromwell* (Hodder and Stoughton; 21*s*.). I am not an expert in the period, nor in the art of sifting historical evidence. I do not know if Mr. Buchan's portrait of him is just or unjust. It is better, therefore, simply to record that this book, whatever its historical merits or demerits, is quite enthralling. It is no easy matter to explain the character of the country squire who became the first Cavalry Leader of the age; of the bitter opponent of Tyranny who became a Tyrant; of the champion of the poor against the high taxes who levied still higher taxes himself; of the humane, religious man who ordered in cold blood the hideous massacre of Drogheda. Few characters in history have been so highly praised and so fiercely assailed. Of fewer characters still is the quality of greatness so widely admitted. The strongest Jacobite will say, with a sort of grudging pride, that Cromwell put Britain back where Elizabeth had put her in the eyes of the world, and when Van Tromp sailed up the Thames and burnt the shipping in the reign of Charles II., even the most fanatical Royalist sighed a little for the days of the strong arm of the great Protector.

Mr. Buchan puts Oliver as a soldier a great deal higher than a mere leader of horse. He calls him a profound strategist as well, and bases his view upon the march from Scotland to Worcester. But surely he was utterly outmanœuvred and caught in a trap by cunning old David Leslie at Dunbar, and only the insane descent of the Scots from the hills saved him from disaster, and a man who is utterly caught like that cannot be ranked with Marlborough. But this is niggling criticism. It is a great book, written by a man who can make history alive. Dry-as-dust will scream with rage, and old Dull-Pedant will foam shrilly. Never mind. Cromwell was a live man once, and in Mr. Buchan's hands he will go on living. By a curious coincidence, that other master of living history, Mr. Belloc, has also published a Life of Cromwell in the same week. I am not going to review it this week, as one can have a little too much even of a first-class thing. But it is excellent to see that Mr. Buchan has learnt one lesson from Mr. Belloc, and that is the immense importance of having clear and simple maps. A good map is worth twenty reproductions of contemporary portraits.

Elliott and Fry

John Buchan, C.H., M.P.

An author who is equally at home in writing history as novels. His latest book is a life of Oliver Cromwell, published by Hodder and Stoughton, which is reviewed on this page

MR. NORMAN COLLINS has written a novel called *Penang Appointment* (Gollancz; 7*s*. 6*d*.), and those of us who used to read Mr. Collins' work when he was on the staff of a daily newspaper, knew that we could look forward to a competent bit of work. The opening chapters of *Penang Appointment* amply confirmed that expectation, and even went further. For one of the characters, Gratia Doyle, begins with a definitely Conradesque flavour. There is that faint, undefinable atmosphere about her of suppressed tragedy and hidden, inner fires which Conrad could evoke so thrillingly. The girl is a passenger with her drunken father, and the loathsomely vulgar Mr. Brentano, on a liner bound for Singapore. The whole book is concerned with the voyage. But the expectations aroused by Gratia are not fulfilled. Mr. Collins switches off to a brilliant and completely hateful delineation of the characters of the two loathsome men. The girl becomes a puppet in the story, and a phantom to the reader, and all interest vanishes. For no reasonable person can stand incessant descriptions of a foul old man who is selling his daughter to a foul younger man for a few pounds. As a side-issue in a novel, yes, perhaps. As the main theme, most definitely no. It is impossible to think of the story as anything but a couple of satyrs filthily quarrelling over the possession of a ghost. You cannot care which of them does the other in the eye, nor can you shed a tear at the predicament of the ghost. But if Mr. Collins had only stuck to his Conrad, and given us the story as the girl saw it, he might have made a big show of it. The stuff is there, and the writing and the descriptions. But the author seems to me to have barked up the wrong tree and pursued Silenus dully where he might have tried to make us understand Cleopatra.

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON is a lady who wrote a very long, interesting, moving trilogy about life in Australia. She has now published a volume of short stories and sketches called *The End of a Childhood* (Heinemann; 7*s*. 6*d*.). It also includes a little more of the story of Cuffy, the son of the Richard Mahony of the trilogy. The part of this book which seemed to me to be the most moving, in a curious, indescribable way, were the Sketches of Girlhood called "Growing Pains." They are very slight, and, at the same time, quite disturbingly profound. At least, they appear to be profound to a masculine mind. That "awkward age" between girlhood and womanhood is so intensely mysterious that even the slightest glimpse of what is going on beneath that ruffled surface is a rare and wonderful thing. A curious contrast is provided by the two stories called "Tales of Old Strasbourg," in particular the one which describes the four-and-a-half-months' life of a baby German boy. He comes into the world, he is washed with yellow soap that gets into his eyes; he is pushed in a pram; he gets infant cholera, and he dies, and that is all. A queer little chapter of tiny tragedy, so tiny as to be unimportant to all except the mother of the babe. But to her not so unimportant.

Merle Oberon on her way to Elstree pays a passing call.

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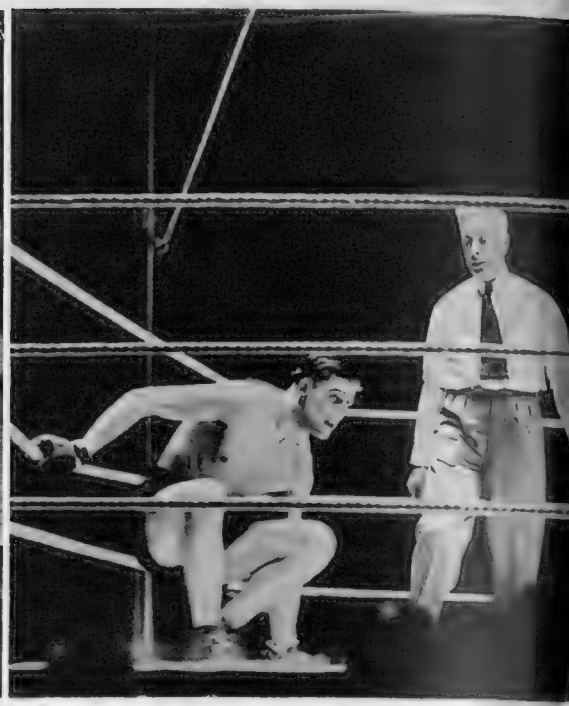
The "Sphere" Invitation Golf Meeting, at Sunningdale

Over the famous Sunningdale links a day's golf was recently enjoyed by players who, at the invitation of Illustrated Newspapers, took part in the ninth competition. The picture shows the presentation of the Challenge Cup to General N. E. Tandy, the winner, by Mr. J. C. Akerman, Vice-Chairman of Illustrated Newspapers



Jack Petersen Still British Empire Heavy

A picture taken at an early stage of the fight betwee Gains, which took place at the White City Stadiun ing mood. Up to the seventh round Gains wa Later, Petersen got the upper hand, and Gains retire

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

WELL, young Jack Petersen showed us just how good a heavy-weight he is by his clear-cut victory over Larry Gains, the coloured Canadian, at the White City the other night. There were many who said that Petersen would fail to come through this test against an experienced ring general like Gains; but it was a very different story we heard after the contest.

Those inclined to believe that there was always a British heavy-weight waiting just around the corner to check Petersen's triumphant progress have been forced to change their views. Charlie Smith, Reggie Meen, George Cook, Len Harvey—and now Gains! Petersen has beaten them all.

Indeed, so far as British fistic circles are concerned, he has cleaned up the lot; that is, allowing for the absence of Jack Doyle, who is finding that there is more money in his voice and Buchanan-like looks than in the fight game.

If Doyle does decide to make a ring return, then he is the man to meet Petersen. But I gather that the dashing Irishman has not yet got over the bitterness associated with his White City bout against Petersen, when, you will remember, he was disqualified for a low blow.

However, leaving Doyle out of consideration just for the present, who is there for Petersen to meet? As I said some weeks ago, plans are already well in hand to match the brilliant young Welshman with Len Harvey in Cardiff. This is a certain money-maker; the men have already met twice, each claiming a victory—and a third meeting would be a real "rubber" match.

Yet one could wish that the British champion went farther afield in search of an opponent. There is Walter Neusel, the German heavy-weight, who made such a good impression in America that he was looked upon as the logical contender for Max Baer's world title. Of course, Neusel had a bad set-back when he fought Max Schmeling, his compatriot, in Hamburg, but with it all I think he would provide a stern test for Petersen.

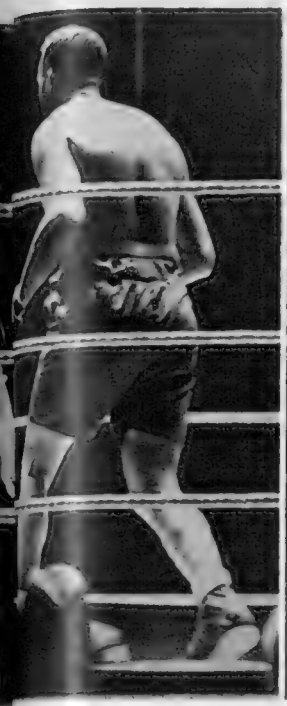
Or, as I hinted previously, there is Schmeling himself. The German is looking for lucrative engagements, and I am sure that he heard of the 64,000 crowd at the White City the other night—and was suitably impressed.

A Schmeling-Petersen fight would, I am certain, give Mr. Jeff Dickson another record both in attendance figures and cash receipts. One hitch might be Schmeling's share of the purse for, as former world's champion, he would expect to get more cash than Petersen. But once this was arranged things should go smoothly.

Meanwhile, I have heard varying reports of Gain's future plans. He is not so young as he used to be, but he fought so magnificently the other night that he is by no means finished with top-class boxing. A very likeable fellow is Gains. I, for one, am hoping soon to see him show us that he can still pull off some good victories by his experience and ringcraft.

In addition to the stroke competition at the "Sphere" Golf Meeting, there was a prize for nine holes, which was won by Mr. W. H. D. McCullough, seen on the right, and four-ball bogey foursomes in the afternoon, won by Mr. F. McGloin and Mr. P. H. Thomson, the latter seen left. The runners-up were Mr. A. M. Burberry and Mr. R. Etherington. Mr. Austin Reed, who can be seen in the centre, was also one of the competitors

WRITING of Larry Gains has set me thinking of those seasoned sportsmen who, year after year, go on cheating time. Gains is not so young—he keeps his age a pretty close secret, but I hear he is nearer forty than thirty! Yet there he was at the White City last week making his championship bid against a youngster of twenty-three.



...ight Champion

...ert Petersen and Larry ...ing the latter in attack- ...sing his own well. ...ed the thirteenth round

Lawn Tennis by the Lake of Lucerne

Miss Joan Ingram (Great Britain), daughter of a veteran player, who nearly beat Miss Helen Jacobs at Wimbledon, and Mlle. Colette Rosambert, ranked second in France, who beat Mlle. Lolette Payot, champion of Switzerland, and her partner, Mlle. Simone Barbier, of France, also seen above, in the Swiss Championship Women's Doubles

Famous Golfers Wed

Mr. John B. Beck, the British Walker Cup player, and his bride, Miss Dorothy Pim, who is also well known on the links, seen leaving Caxton Hall, Westminster, after their marriage, which took place last week

It is wonderful how the veterans of sport keep going. Take George Cook, the likeable Australian battler, whose wise old head pulls him through many fights these days against opponents almost half his age. Cook, you may remember, once went all the way with Petersen—sheer ring-craft and the ability to conserve his strength was the secret of the Australian's plucky showing that time.

So it goes on through sport. You find eager young men suddenly peter out—" burned up " is the boxing term—while others go on through the years. Take Hobbs, still good for a century at the age of fifty-two! Or look at " Soccer's " great veteran, Robert Kelly, of Preston North End. At forty-one, Kelly piloted his club back into the First Division last season. He was recalled to the side only a week ago to re-introduce the right touch of craft to the attack.

PERHAPS in professional " Soccer " more than in any other sport the worth of an experienced player is most valued. Eager youth is all right; but how often do we see the impetuosity of youth upset by the calculated scheming of an old head! I recall a classic example in the last " Soccer " campaign, when Tottenham Hotspur, pinning their faith to young men, were outmanœuvred in their F.A. Cup tie with the more seasoned Aston Villa.

That day I was sitting next to Andy Ducat, a famous Villa skipper and England cricketer. And, as Ducat put it to me, the Tottenham team would have won handsomely with just one veteran in their ranks. They needed an old head to turn those quick-fire raids to account; a steadying hand to check their impetuous rushes—instead, they were a team of youngsters flinging everything into attacks which, brilliant to look upon, were doomed to fail against the studied craftsmanship of an experienced defence.

WHILE I am dealing with " Soccer," I would like to kill once and for all that old bogey which crops up every year—that playing success is merely a matter of finance. Don't believe it; the money-logged professional clubs do not always achieve the best results with their high-priced players.

Look at Chelsea, who, to be quite frank, are the joke of football. They get the crowds and they have the money. And in the last five or six years they must have been among the biggest buyers in the football transfer market: Gallacher, Alex Jackson, Cheyne, Craig are among the Internationals who have gone to Stamford Bridge. Yet Chelsea hover, season by season, perilously near to the foot of the First Division.

AGAIN, this season we have seen Aston Villa pay £11,000 for Allen, the tall centre-half who helped Portsmouth to reach the Cup Final. The cheque paid to Portsmouth was a record. Yet, with it all, Aston Villa have made an inglorious start. No; success cannot be bought in " Soccer "—it is the gradual introduction of new men and new methods into a team's playing policy which brings the goals and the glory.

BY this time, of course, Fred Perry is counting his battle-scars after the American tennis championships. What a brave and successful fight of it our champion made: a real battler is this young Englishman, who first got a sight of a tennis tournament by taking a surreptitious peep over a brick wall!

Perry had a tough fight of it to get to the top. And one of his biggest battles, right at the start, was against such snobbishness as one can sometimes see in little people who are given some brief authority.

In this respect, I recall, there is an amusing story of Perry's first entry into the Schoolboys' Tournament which is held at Queen's Club.

The champion's father has told how his son went up to Queen's, only to be challenged by a commissionaire.

" What school do you represent, Sir? Eton, Marlborough, Harrow, Repton? " came the question.

Young Perry, swinging his one racket, replied: " Ealing County School."

" Never heard of it. There 's no room for you here," said the doorkeeper. But Perry just hung around until Jimmie Nuthall came along and got in with the magic password of " Repton."

" I 'll go to Repton," said Perry—and got into Queen's, to be the first non-public schoolboy to compete in the tournament!

A Place for a Gallop

Miss Ann Elizabeth Richmond, daughter of Sir Frederick Richmond, Bart., head of the Drapery Trust and Chairman of Debenhams, Ltd., galloping her pony on the sands at Broadstairs. A very enthusiastic young horsewoman, she is often to be seen riding in the Row

Women's Golf:

Miss Mary Mulcaster (Crewe), who, after beating a fancied competitor in Miss B. Frost, of South Africa, was beaten in round two by Miss L. Beesley (Moor Park)

The Sixteenth Girls' Open Championship

Promoted by the "Bystander"

By Eleanor E. Helme

Miss B. Norris (Bramley), who won her two matches on the first day, and Miss Pam Shand (Derbyshire), who lost to Miss Norris in the first round

DEAR BYSTANDER,

THE world of women's golf bristles with news this week, what with Miss Baba Pim's marriage to Mr. John Beck, and the Northern Championship at Carlisle and Silloth, in which Miss Jessie Firth headed the qualifying. But let us put all that aside, and concentrate on the Girls' Championship, the sixteenth of the series, which made Stoke Poges so gay a spot last week.

We must begin at the beginning, with the autumn meeting of the Girls' Golfing Society, wherein all the young hopefuls of the year try their strength against those of past years in medal play over Stoke. The past years were rather sparsely represented; there were four of the too-old-at-nineteen brigade, Jean Burles, Beryl Pockett, Mervyn Barton, and Enid Pears, Marion Jolly, and Mrs. Beeson (Jean Forsyth) as a sole representative of the Marrieds, and for the rest this year's competitors. Chief scratch honours went to the most suitable of all the players to earn them, Betty Frost, who had come seven thousand miles from South Africa for this Championship, and was most unexpectedly to go out in the first round. So it was doubly welcome Miss Frost should win, because everybody was full of admiration of her pluck in coming all alone so far. Her 81 which won the scratch, after a tie with Beryl Pockett, was steady, if not brilliant for a 4 handicap, which is her L.G.U. allowance. Both tied for second handicap, Miss Burles taking the first with 75 net, but the tie went to a third 77, from Rhoda Jupp, of whom much more anon. In the longer handicap division there was a really remarkable 89—21=68 from Brenda Norris for the handicap Cup and 69 net hard on its heels from Miss Negretti and Miss Thomson, the latter's 83 winning the scratch. Greensomes went to 32 net for nine holes from Phyllis Roberts and Jeanne Brooks.

AND so to the Championship—a gloriously hot, sunny day, and Stoke at its best and most beautiful. The very first match out set a goodly standard, for Rhoda Jupp was out in 39, turned 5 up on Fiona Morris and won by 8 and 6. Critics are tempted to think Miss Jupp's swing too flat, judged by the most modern standards, and to dislike the height of finish with a putter, but she has the temperament of the good golfer, and nobody can dispute the excellence of three over fours.

Close behind her Jean Hayes was having a very different sort of match, for she turned one up only on Phyllis Roberts, and could only win by 2 and 1; Peggy Falkner only won a hole earlier from Jeanne Brooks, so that these two losing newcomers certainly acquitted themselves well.

Two newcomers who are making their last as well as first appearance, came through the next two matches, Joan Montford keeping up her North Foreland reputation at the expense of a club-mate, and Astor Willing beating Jacqueline Gordon from Stanmore. Now Miss Willing has only been playing golf for eight months; she seems to have a splendid selection of shots for so short an apprenticeship,

Waveney Beesley, the younger of the two sisters, took all the chances given her by a nervous start from Angela Noble, though the latter looked too good a golfer to be beaten by 7 and 5, if she could have settled down to the business. Miss Norris, keeping up her form of the day before, made hay while the sun shone in the shape of Pam Shand's temporary disagreement with her driver, and her own success in the long game and with irons. Here again critics may object to Miss Norris's high finish, but for the moment all was well with results.

Not so with Betty Frost, who never seemed to get really going against Mary Mulcaster, and simply could not survive the loss of four holes all in a row in the middle. Miss Mulcaster is one of the bravest golfers who ever tackled a stiff proposition: her handicap is 16, Miss Frost's 4, but, undismayed by that fact, or by being 2 down at the eighth, she fought with real sterling courage. Her putt at the ninth, pitch at the tenth, and tee shot two yards from the eleventh were all perfect, and with Miss Frost's putt staying out at the twelfth, Miss Mulcaster had gone with a run from 2 down to 2 up. After that the issue hung on whether Miss Frost's putts would drop, since four times her chip gave hope of one putt being enough. Not once would it stay in the hole, though she hit the centre of it plumb at the eighteenth from five yards' range. That was that, and all she could do—and right bravely she did it—was to laugh and congratulate Miss Mulcaster, and earn eternal credit as one of the best losers who ever came to these shores.

Laurien Beesley, having conquered a wilful pigtail with a safety pin, also conquered Margaret Urie with some steady golf, 5 and 3; Patience Low, who was in really brilliant mood, had a bit of good fortune at the fourth, where her drive was bound for out of bounds, hit the fence and came back and so won by 7 and 6 from Joan Negretti, who, however, has still three years more of being a Girl. Sonia Swinburne Johnson has one more even than that, and so has no reason to be discouraged because Miss Ramsay's steady golf beat her by 5 and 4. As for Mary Cowan, she had the devastating experience of finding that Nancy Jupp, who is tired to death of being dubbed the baby of the Championship, could outplay her to the extent of 7 and 5, although nearly three years her junior. But Nancy had undoubtedly the best method of anybody at Stoke Poges of hitting the ball, and if she is not a champion within ten years, then somebody or something will have turned her head and ruined a player who gives real promise.

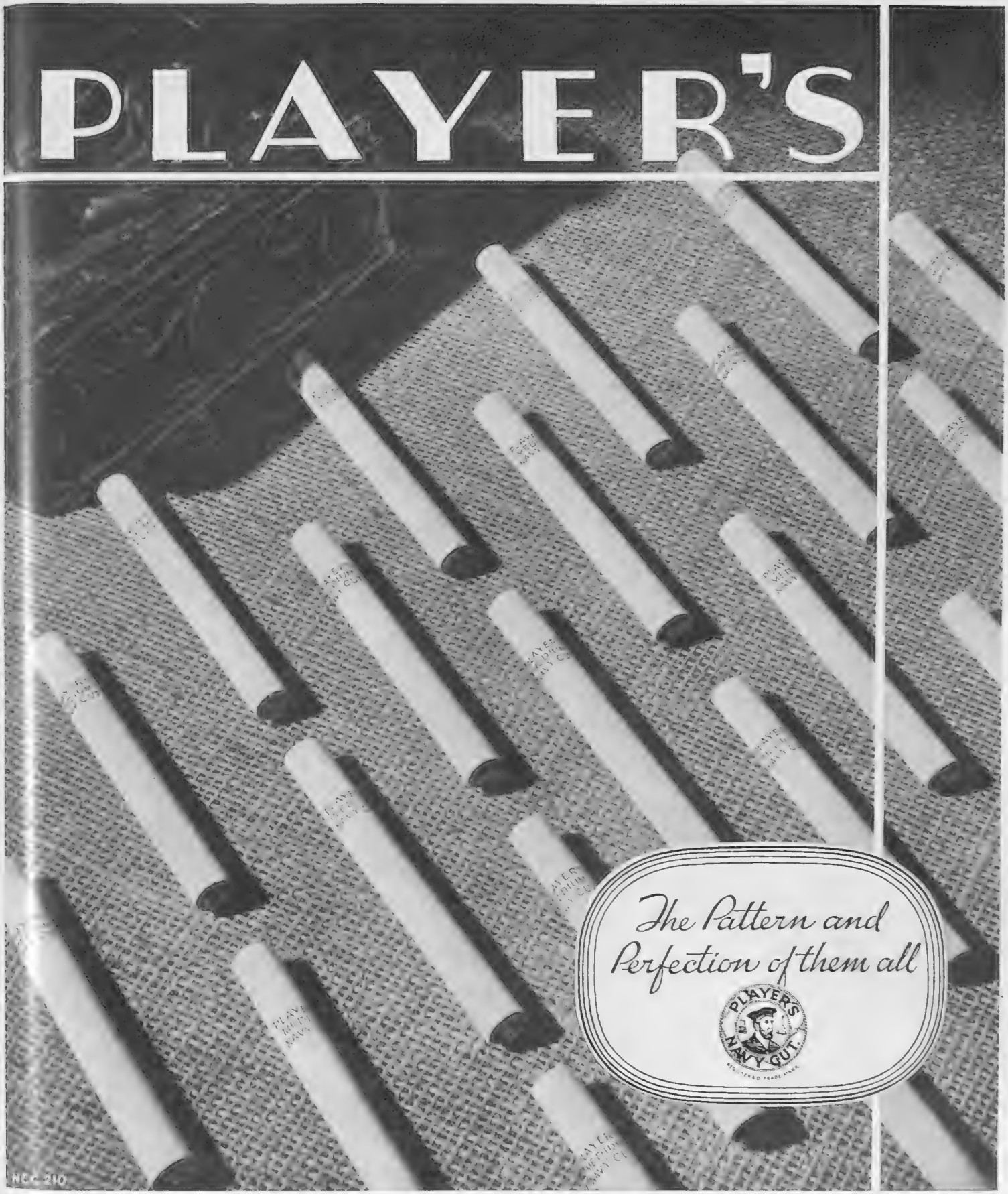
At present it is a real pleasure to watch anybody who gets the club-head moving so fast and on such a well-balanced plane, who wastes no time, and yet is not careless; who, above all, plays without self-consciousness or silly affectation.

NOW for the afternoon matches. Rhoda Jupp had a very nervous opponent and won by 5 and 4, but Miss Browne, who had been waiting about with a bye in the morning, never a helpful proceeding, showed she could fight by a rally in the middle, and will undoubtedly do better next year. Miss Falkner won a hole later from Miss Hayes, and there it was, too, that Joan Montford beat Astor Willing, a case of experience versus promise which could only end one way. Dorothy Thomson continued to walk over, two opponents having scratched through illness; Miss Norris was too big and strong for Waveney Beesley, but Laurien Beesley made amends by putting out the heroine Mary Mulcaster on the last green.

Patience Low again putted quite remarkably to beat Thelma Ramsay 3 and 2, and Nancy Jupp delighted the gallery by going out in 40 and taking the next seven holes in 32, to win 3 and 2. Miss Patience, holder of the Golfers' Cot Cup, hoed her hard row most steadily and well, but Nancy stuck to her lead.

And there we must end. Till next week,

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED · 50 FOR 2'5 100 FOR 4'8

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Rules and Selectors

England's Selectors

(1) C. N. Lowe.
(2) F. D. Prentice.
(3) R. F. Oakes.
(4) J. Daniell.
(5) H. Coverdale.
The quintet on whose shoulders rests the responsibility of choosing the English team for this season

HEY-HEY—Rugby football again! Do we approach the season with song and dance? Well, perhaps we do. It means that we need not talk about cricket for a bit, anyway.

Already some teak-lined enthusiasts have been bouncing around on cast-iron grounds, a form of suicide to which they are welcome. Scotsmen and others who are still moderately sane do not begin the season until October. It is all very well to be enthusiastic, but even Scotsmen will be stale enough before the long winter is over.

STILL, we are thinking of Rugby football, those of us who are not playing it. We are reminding one another that next year the All-Blacks will be with us once more, and that we must take steps about it. Fine players, the All-Blacks, but, frankly, rather a nuisance; and that goes for Springboks, Waratahs, and all other visiting teams. They force us to be serious. Maybe, up to a point, that is a good thing. Maybe it gives us just that incentive to further effort which is necessary if we are to maintain the standards.

They tempt us, also, these tourists, to be solemn, and there is the danger. They make us talk about the value of cementing Empire relations. They are called "Ambassadors of Sport." The games they play acquire a fictitious international importance. All this, to my mind, is nonsense. Cut out the sentimentality, though, and think of our visitors simply as excellent players of the best of games, and we have no complaints.

I am told, incidentally, that the All-Blacks may not be as formidable as in former years. Material is scarce, though I expect that when the time comes we shall find that New Zealand standards are still a shade higher than our own. It is a significant fact, even when we allow for the advantages which playing together as a touring team inevitably brings, that the All-Blacks have only once been beaten over here.

While we are talking of international affairs, there will, I suppose, be the hardy annual rumours of a reconciliation with France. At the end of last season such rumours were particularly strong. They were, as usual, entirely unfounded. There is no likelihood whatever of a reconciliation, and I, for one, am glad of it.

AND now, what of the season at home? Autumn, and the smell of wood-fires, and evening mist as we leave the ground after the first disjointed club game—a happy time of year. Perhaps we should discuss the changes in the laws which our perplexed and zealous legislators have prepared for us. Law XV., for example, the scrummage—how anxiously we turn to it every September when the *Rugby Football Annual*, that invaluable handbook, makes its appearance. Are there any simplifications which will make it possible to get the ball in more quickly and effectively? Are there any incentives to honest scrummaging? Well, we discover now that in Section G a significant change has been made—the ball is fairly in the scrummage when it has passed one foot of a front-row player of each team.

On the face of it this may not seem vitally important, but it will help. It is an invitation to return to the days when specialisation in the scrummage had not passed beyond reason to extravagance, an invitation to rely more upon the shove than upon the individual dexterity of the hooker.

I would rather think about scrummaging than anything else in the science of the game.

(Continued on page vi)

Alex Lord's

Original autumn golf suit is in fine bouclé tweed—plain and checked. The blouse is in shaded check tweed with mixture knitted neck, sleeve and waist bands to match the bouclé tweed skirt. A mixture knitted pull-on hat is useful

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Motor Notes

The new Hillman model for 1935, showing the many notable improvements which add to its appearance. This is the latest "Minx" Foursome Drop-head Coupé, listed at £225

A New Model Riley

One of the most interesting cars in the new Riley range is a 1½-litre four-cylinder, which is offered with alternative types of saloon coachwork. The design follows accepted Riley practice, but the car is generally larger and more commodious than the well-known 9-h.p. series. The overhead-valve engine has dimensions of 69 by 100 mm., giving a cubic capacity of 1496 cc.—tax, £12 this year, £9 next year. The crank-shaft is of massive construction, and is supported on three large bearings. The wheel-base is 9 ft. 1 in., and the track, 4 ft. 0 in. A speed of 70 m.p.h. is easily attainable.

Particular attention has been paid to the braking system, which is entirely new in principle, light to operate, and progressive in action. The frame is also of new design. It has box section side-members, numerous tubular cross-members and a new form of bracing, resulting in rigidity to a degree which eliminates wheel patter.

The new 1½-litre model is offered with either Falcon or Kestrel bodywork. Each type is fully streamlined and of very handsome appearance, the Falcon allowing slightly more over-all room than the lower-built Kestrel. With preselectagear transmission the Falcon costs £335, and the Kestrel £345.

The Silent Zone

The Minister of Transport's experimental "silent zone" which has come into operation and which forbids the use of the horn at night time, has been met by prompt action from the Triumph Company. In future every Gloria car will be fitted with a master switch which can be used to disconnect the horn and therefore prevent it being blown by mistake. "No amount of paper legislation," said Capt. C. Ridley, director and general manager of the Company, "can overcome the habit of touching the horn button. We have, therefore, introduced the master switch to save drivers of our cars from inadvertently committing this new motoring crime."

Right: the new Morris Eight two-door saloon in sylvan surroundings. This car has, as can be seen, attractive body lines, and is finished in various duotone colour schemes

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The Non-Stop Courier to India: By Charles Ward

A Week-End Flight—

AFTER two years spent in trials and experiments, Sir Alan Cobham and Squadron-Leader Helmore are to set out on Friday next to fly to India and back over the week-end, using a new system of re-fuelling which will enable their "Courier" to remain in the air without an intermediate landing. Re-fuelling in the air over a triangular course has been carried out almost to the point of absurdity in America, where crews have remained aloft for weeks on end, but no attempt has yet been made to use such experience for practical purposes. Cobham first flew to India in 1924 on a survey expedition with the late Sir Sefton Brancker, and in 1926 he made the famous flight to Australia and back which earned him a knighthood. Since 1931, when he took the Short "Valetta" on test to Central Africa, he has made no long-distance flights. Helmore is better known in his own sphere of scientific research than as a pilot, but he was Overseas with the R.F.C. in 1916, and has been flying continuously ever since. In addition to sharing the pilot's job with Cobham on the present venture, his particular part will be to report on the success of the re-fuelling system to the Air Ministry, whose co-operation has been given for the reason that the results are of very great importance to the Royal Air Force. Their "Courier," built by Airspeed at Portsmouth, is a standard machine with a Siddeley "Lynx" engine, similar to those coming into use on many of the domestic air routes.

Elwin Neame

Non-stop to India: Sir Alan Cobham and Squadron-Leader W. Helmore, who are setting out on Friday to fly 5000 miles to India non-stop. Sir Alan Cobham first flew to India in 1924. Sq.-Ldr. Helmore is the well-known R.A.F. pilot and scientist

British Entries for the Melbourne Race

THREE "Couriers" have been entered for the Melbourne Race, the pilots being A. L. T. Naish, Squadron Leader D. E. Stodart, and Mrs. Keith Miller, who knows something about the route, as she flew to the Far East in the winter of 1927-28. The "Envoy," a twin-engined development of the "Courier," has also been entered in triplicate. Lord Nuffield's is to be flown by G. E. Lowdell, who is test pilot for Wolseley motors; Lady Cobham's entry by Flight Lieuts. Johnson and Tyson, both of whom are star pilots in the Cobham Circus, and Neville Stack is flying his own entry, competing for the speed prize as well as the handicap. The de Havilland "Comet" has flown, and certainly looks a thoroughbred, built for speed. Streamlining has been carried out to the *n*th degree, whilst at the same time the "Comet" is a practical aeroplane, designed to meet our stringent safety regulations. Its guaranteed speed is 200 miles an hour, and the range should not be less than 2700 miles non-stop. The racing colours chosen by the three entrants are scarlet by Mr. A. O. Edwards, of Grosvenor House, whose pilots are Scott and Campbell Black; black and gold by the Mollisons, and green by Bernard Rubin, who has done much motor-car racing, and has chosen the British International racing colour. Illness seems likely to prevent the latter from taking part himself in the race and his many friends will wish him a speedy recovery. The unofficial record which he made with his second pilot, Waller, on their return from a survey of the route to Australia in the Leopard Moth, was a particularly fine effort.

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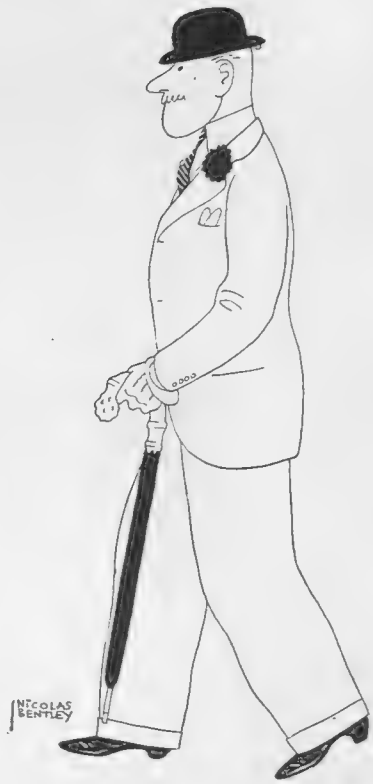

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The Editor's Box

M. G. Mercier, President of the Lausanne Golf Club, centre, and on the right, M. and Mme. Barr, who, with a large number of spectators, attended a golf competition held on the Lausanne links

A view of the interior of the new Theatre Restaurant which has been opened in the Strand, next door to the Adelphi Theatre, combining comfort, cuisine and reasonable prices

Howard Marshall on "Rugger" *Continued from page 540*

If our forward principles are sound, the rest will follow. And if we are indeed to work this winter with the main object of discovering at least the nucleus of a team which may stave off the All-Blacks' challenge in 1935, let us remember that both the All-Blacks and the Springboks laid the foundations of their triumphs in their forwards. The All-Blacks, by the way, have reverted to the orthodox 3-2-3 formation, and we may be certain that their orthodoxy will be carried to the limits of efficiency. We must be ready for them.

HERE let us welcome Wing-Commander C. N. Lowe to the august company of English Selectors. Lowe is an acquisition, a great player and a shrewd judge of the game. His influence may also be seen at Oxford, where he will be in charge of the University Air Squadron, if that is the correct description of the unit. The English Selectors—Lowe, R. F. Oakes, J. Daniell, F. D. Prentice, and H. Coverdale—certainly give us confidence, and England last winter did well enough. They did, at any rate, make the most of the players at their disposal, and I hope we may be able to say as much of the other Unions.

How excellent it would be to see a Welsh team, wisely blended, playing in all their matches with the dash and constructive ingenuity which they showed us against Scotland at Murrayfield last February. It always seems that before the international matches come along Wales are potentially a great side, but invariably they fail to live up to expectations. It would be a fine thing for Rugby football if this year they do not fail.

The "Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(13th Year) Ranelagh, October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th, 1934

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(10th Year) Roehampton, October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th, 1934

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.
ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Wednesday, September 19th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by post card. Such acknowledgement does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 19th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss Helme.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1933 or 1934, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss Helme* of the change.

The Directors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1934 **No entrance fee**

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Wednesday, September 19th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

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L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.*.....
To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....*Telephone No.* .....
Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notfied at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

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THE THEATRE

Plays

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.—Mary Newcombe as Cleopatra, Wilfrid Lawson as Antony, Maurice Evans, Nancy Hornsby, Abraham Sofaer: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Colin Keith-Johnstone as Clive and Gillian Lind as his wife in a historical drama with plenty of good scenes and action; excellent entertainment: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

EDEN END.—The new Priestley play, with Edward Irwin as a North Country doctor, Beatrix Lehmann as his actress daughter, Ralph Richardson as her husband: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—A grandmother by Lilian Braithwaite, a superbly foolish aunt by Athene Seyler, and the rest of the family includes Gyles Isham, Archibald Batty, Jack Livesey, Mary Glynne; the comedy 's by Gertrude Jennings: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LIBEL !—A legal play that 's as tense as most crook stuff, with Leon M. Lion as a K.C., Malcolm Keen and Doris Lytton: Aldwych, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY.—First-class entertainment, including a good trial scene with the Medical Council; Godfrey Tearle as the doctor-hero, Martin Walker as the villain, Carol Goodner as the wife: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE MAITLANDS.—John Gielgud is an unhappy schoolmaster, Stephen Haggard his pupil, Jack Hawkins the actor-brother, Catherine Lacey the sister, and Dame May Whitty as the foolish mother in Ronald Mackenzie's uneven play about an English family of seaside dwellers: Criterion, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A MAN'S HOUSE.—John Drinkwater's play about Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion, with Joyce Bland, Reginald Tate, Basil Radford, Scott Sunderland: New, 8.40. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MEN IN WHITE.—A vividly real and moving play about doctors at work; the story runs on the choice of a young surgeon (Robert Douglas) between his career and his fiancée Jill (Esmond); Lewis Casson admirable as a specialist and teacher: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE SHINING HOUR.—High drama on a Yorkshire farm, with Raymond Massey as the farmer, Adrianne Allen as his loving wife, Gladys Cooper as the sister-in-law he loves; the play (by Keith Winter) and the acting spell success: St. James's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SOUR GRAPES.—An excellent comedy on the theme that love between husband and wife must fade; Constance Cummings as the wife, Nicholas Hannen as the husband, and Roger Livesey as the lover, all act supremely well: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOUCH WOOD.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in C. L. Anthony's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

BLACKBIRDS OF 1934.—An all-black revue hurled across with lightning speed, rhythm and slickness; Lew Leslie conducts the band; Valaida, Edith Wilson, Tim Moore, Louise Madison, Nyas Berry, Peg Leg Bates are some of the stars: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.30.

MERRIE ENGLAND.—Revival of Edward German's light opera. Nancy Fraser, Dennis Hoey, Enid Cruikshank, Rosalind Fuller, W. S. Percy in the cast, with Herman Finck in the conductor's chair: Princes, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC.—A light musical play, with Viola Tree, Rita Page, Reginald Purdell, Kenneth Kove, and some more: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—A new, all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king-laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ADMIRALS ALL.—Laura la Plante as a film star, gets involved with Chinese pirates and British admirals in the new Ian Hay-King Hall comedy; Clive Currie, Frank Cellier, and Aubrey Mather represent the Navy: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN MAYFAIR.—Ivor Novello in his own play as a pianist, Edna Best as the wild woman who vamped him and was murdered, Fay Compton as a consoling Duchess; the setting is a Mayfair Mews, which explains all: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE PRIVATE ROAD.—Shaun Glenville as an amorous ex-schoolmaster, Edwin Styles neatly humorous as his rival, Dorothy Dickson as the attractive rose between two thorns: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

QUEER CARGO.—Adventures on a tramp steamer in the China Seas; Drusilla Wills is the girl; Franklin Dyall, Barry Livesey, and Robert Hale as some of the men: Piccadilly, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 48.—(Third Year). Gus Chevalier, Eddie Kelland, Morgan Davies, Howard Rogers, and Beryl Beresford. Non-stop, 1.30-11.30: Windmill.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting back the clock nearly saved his skin; Bernard Lee is the hero: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Clair Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

NO MORE LADIES.—Ellis Jeffreys, Ann Todd, Arthur Margetson in a comedy by A. E. Thomas: Wyndham's, to-night.

MOONLIGHT IS SILVER.—Clemence Dane's play, with Gertrude Lawrence, Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., as husband and wife, Helen Haye, Martita Hunt, Cecil Parker, Barry Jones: Queen's, September 19th.

ANDROCLES AND THE LION.—The Open-Air Theatre cast, plus Oscar Asche as the Emperor; also a Molière farce, *Love is the Best Doctor*: Winter Garden, Sept. 20th.

THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER.—Denis Johnstone's play from Malvern: Westminster, September 22nd.

CINEMAS

THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI.—With Fredric March as the amorous artist, and Constance Bennett as a naughty duchess: Leicester Square Theatre.

BLOSSOM TIME.—Richard Tauber's first British picture; the singer is supported in this romantic piece by Jane Baxter, Athene Seyler, Carl Esmond, Paul Graetz, and a lot more: Regal.

CLEOPATRA.—Claudette Colbert as the lovely Egyptian, Henry Wilcoxson as Marc Antony, and Warren Williams as Julius Cæsar; the production is Cecil B. de Mille, and stupendous: Carlton.

THE DEFENCE RESTS.—Melodrama, with Jack Holt. And *Let 's Talk It Over*, with Chester Morris and Mae Clarke: Capitol.

EVENSONG.—The film of Beverley Nichol's novel, with Evelyn Laye as heroine, Alice Delysia, Conchita Supervia, Emlyn Williams, and Carl Esmond: Tivoli.

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.—George Arliss as the famous financier: Marble Arch Pavilion.

LITTLE FRIEND.—Nova Pilbeam, the brilliant child-actress, in a moving story. From September 20th: *My Song For You*, with Jan Keipura.

LES MESSIEURS DE LA SANTÉ.—Raimu in an entertaining satire on the business world. A superlative thriller, *Dr. Mabuse*, from September 20th: Academy.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN.—Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, as the Don, Benita Hume as his wife; Merle Oberon leads the galaxy of lovelies: London Pavilion.

SWING AS WE GO.—The new Gracie Fields film; she has John Loder and Stanley Holloway as foils: Plaza.

THE SLUMP IS OVER.—Albert Prejean and Danielle Darrieux in a gay and amusing film, with catchy music: Curzon, from September 24th.

TREASURE ISLAND.—Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper are the stars of the film version of Stevenson's great adventure story: Empire.

MUSIC

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducting the B.B.C. Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

To-night: Haydn-Mozart concert, and some Stravinsky studies; piano, Kathleen Long; singers, Joan Coxon, Parry Jones.

Sept. 19th: Bach-Handel concert, including Bach's Piano Concerto No. 1 (D. F. Tovey), the Brandenburg Concerto No. 4; and Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 4.

Sept. 20th: Liszt concert; Piano Concertos No. 1 and 2 (Lamond), A Faust Symphony.

Sept. 21st: Beethoven concert; Leonora No. 3, Symphony No. 3; soloists, Eva Turner and Eda Kersey.

Sept. 22nd: Mixed programme, including Schubert's Unfinished Symphony; soloists Ina Souez, Heddle Nash, Temianka.

Sept. 23rd: Wagner concert, and Humperdinck's Hansel and Gretel Overture; singers, Stiles-Allen and Tudor Davies.

DANCING AND DINING

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays for both; extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—The Three Pearls, specially dancers from New York; Louis Simmonds and his band play; extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—The Jesters do some snappy New York stuff; Jack Harris is here to play for dancing; extension, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—André Balogh, the Jiggling violinist, Reginald Forsythe's band: gala nights, Wednesday and Friday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—"Les Girls" in a special summer show; Teddy Joyce and his band do a cabaret turn, as well as play for dancing: extension night, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The Grosvenor Gaieties dance and sing at dinner and supper; Syd Lipton's band: extension night, Thursday.

QUAGLINO'S.—Nati Morales and Montaya, the world-famous guitarist: Van Straten's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian: the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

THE THEATRE RESTAURANT.—A small Bohemia-in-the-Strand for dinner or supper; opposite the Tivoli.

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SPORT

GOLF.—*News of the World* Tournament: Walton Heath, Sept. 18th-21st.

Central England Open Mixed Foursomes: Woodhall Spa, Sept. 22nd-26th.

LAWN TENNIS: South of England Championships, last two days; Eastbourne, Sept. 17th-18th.

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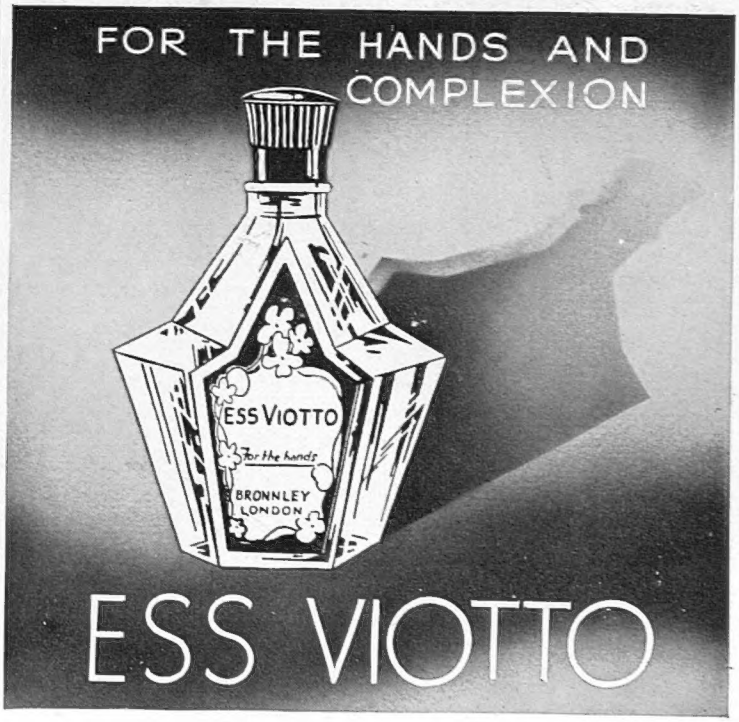

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